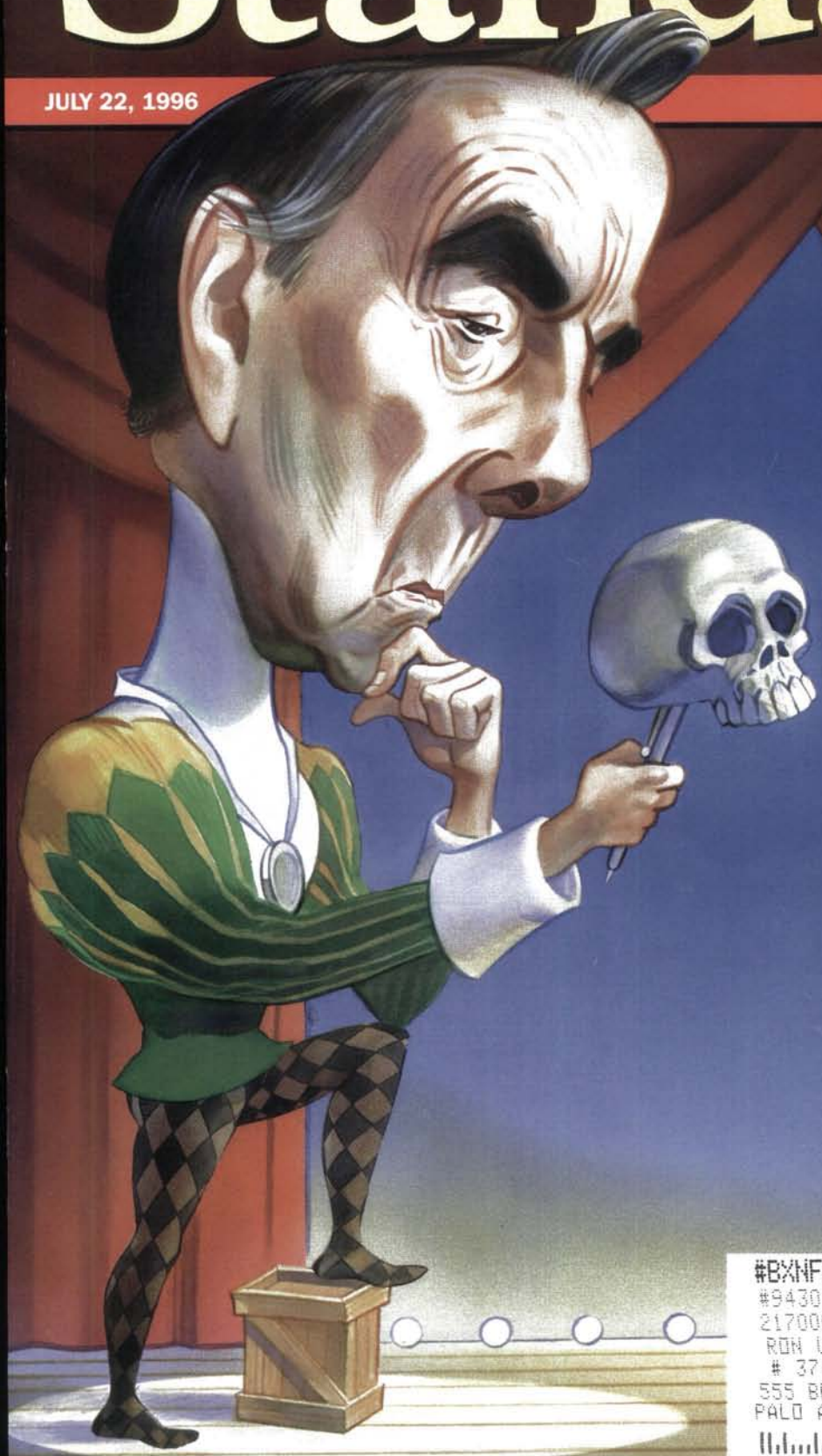
the weekly
Standard

JULY 22, 1996 $2.95



ALAS, POOR BOB DOLE

Surviving the Crash of '96
by David Frum

A President We Deserve
by William Kristol

#BXNFMVDxxxxxx5-DIGIT 94301
#943010555UNZ R2# MAY 12 97 081935
217000 94301 0555 UNZ R08 000752
RON UNZ 0043 001
371 **C 003
555 BRYANT ST
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Way to Woman's Heart May Be Food Rich in Vitamin E

Health Gain Seen in Margarine,

To E or Not to E

Another reason to eat

Mayo and margarine rich in vitamin E

BOSTON — Don't hold the mayo, after all. Or the margarine or salad dressing.

34,486 older women with no outward signs of heart trouble. Just 242 died of heart disease during seven years of follow-up.

"The public health recommendation fo out of these studies is clearly that

More benefits from Vitamin E

Supplements found to slow brain, immune system decline

Vitamin E in high-fat food lowers women's chance of heart disease, study finds

ASSOCIATED PRESS

BOSTON — Don't hold the mayo, after all. Or the margarine or salad dressing.

Evidence is building that reasonable amounts of t foods—shunned by many be they are so high in fat—ca important part of a heart-

Of course, too much hig food of any kind is not a idea, and Kushi noted tha women who benefited

FOOD PROCESSING Magazine's

A Putman Publication

FOODWEEK

Your source for the news and commentary shaping our food industry

E for eternity?

Many people believe the letter in vitamin E stands for eternity. It's

Purdue University study on chicks is the first to demonstrate that vitamin E supports bone growth. Results indicate that vitamin E increases the rate of bone formation and may slow natural bone breakdown.

Women Told to Get Vitamin E in Diet for Heart

TON, May 1 (AP)– Post-

percent when taken by people with bad hearts. The new study looked at

the least to die of coronary heart disease.

Those in the highest

Vitamin E in moderation may protect heart

By Nanci Hellmich
USA TODAY

amount

vitamin E to a healthy heart.

Researchers surveyed 34,486 postmenopausal women about their eating habits in 1986 and followed up about

with those eating diets low in these foods. The highest group got more than 10 IUs of vitamin E from food daily, the equivalent of about an

them. "I wouldn't go overboard with them, but I wouldn't necessarily cut them out entirely," says the

School of Public Health, s "one of the unfortunate pa of the fat phobi

By 1997, ADM will have the capacity to supply 300 million people with the current recommended daily allowance of vitamin E.

ADM

Supermarket to the world

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly
Standard

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 43 • JULY 22, 1996

2 SCRAPBOOK
Big-tent baloney; Dems and the weed; strippers! and more.

4 CASUAL
David Frum has a few ideas for *la principauté de D.C.*

6 CORRESPONDENCE

9 EDITORIAL
Democratic Obstructionism

10 FULL-COURT PRESSURE
The White House muscles a news network. *by* **Fred Barnes**

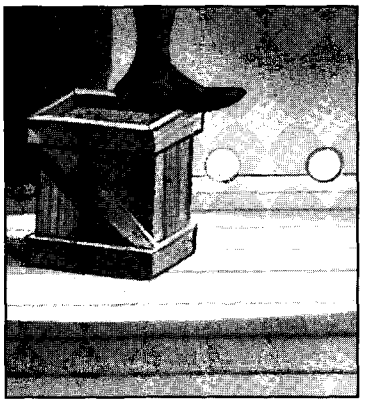
12 HUNKERED DOWN IN BOSNIA
Operation Joint Endeavor waits it out. *by* **A. J. Bacevich**

14 YANKS BRAG, PRESS BITES
Yeltsin's election was a Russian triumph. *by* **Michael McFaul**

16 YES, THE DEFICIT WAS CUT
An unheralded success. *by* **Tim Penny and Stephen Moore**

18 SEE YA, SHEILA
For conservative Senate staffers, it's time. *by* **Matthew Rees**

40 PARODY



Cover art by John Kascht

20 DON'T COUNT ON DOLE
November may look bleak, but conservatives can take the long view. *by* **David Frum**

24 A PRESIDENT WE DESERVE
Character does matter—and it gives Dole a shot. *by* **William Kristol**

26 EDWARD R. MURROW, INFOTAINER
The "Golden Age of Broadcast Journalism" never existed. *by* **Andrew Ferguson**

BOOKS

31 VARGAS LLOSA VISITS HIS ANIMAL Peru's bard delivers again. *by* **Michael Valdez Moses**

34 FAMILIES IN NAME ONLY How liberalism has failed abused children. *by* **Mona Charen**

36 WHAT SOME WOMEN WANT Dear Ms. Ireland: Speak for yourself, sister. *by* **Evan Gahr**

38 DE GAULLE'S GREATNESS *Le grand Charles* explained. *by* **Peter Augustine Lawler**

William Kristol, *Editor and Publisher* **Fred Barnes,** *Executive Editor* **John Podhoretz,** *Deputy Editor*

David Tell, *Opinion Editor* **David Brooks, Andrew Ferguson,** *Senior Editors* **Richard Starr, Claudia Winkler,** *Managing Editors*
Christopher Caldwell, *Senior Writer* **Jay Nordlinger,** *Associate Editor*
Tucker Carlson, Matt Labash, Matthew Rees, *Staff Writers*
Kent Bain, *Art Director* **Jacqueline Goldberg,** *Assistant Art Director* **Daniel McKivergan,** *Research Director* **Neomi Rao,** *Reporter*
J. Bottum, Joseph Epstein, David Frum, David Gelernter, Robert Kagan, Charles Krauthammer, P. J. O'Rourke, *Contributing Editors*

James L. Pitts, *Deputy Publisher* **Jennifer L. Komosa,** *Business Manager* **Francine M. McMahon,** *Advertising Director*
James D. McVey, *Advertising Consultant* **Dianne S. Mace,** *Subscription Director* **Polly Coreth, Doris Ridley, Carolyn Wimmer,** *Executive Assistants*
Catherine Edwards, Alison Maresco, Victorino Matus, *Staff Assistants* **Josephine DeLorenzo,** *Publicity*

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013) is published weekly, except for the third week of July and the last week of December, by News America Publishing Incorporated, 1211 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY, 10036. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Send subscription orders to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153. Yearly subscriptions, $79.96; Canadian, $99.96; foreign postage extra. Cover price, $2.95 ($3.50 Canadian). Back issues, $3.50 (includes postage and handling). Subscribers: Please send all remittances, address changes, and subscription inquiries to: The Weekly Standard, Customer Service, P.O. Box 710, Radnor, PA 19088-0710. If possible include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. For subscription customer service, call 1-800-983-7600. Send manuscripts and letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The Weekly Standard Advertising Sales Office in Washington, DC, is (202) 293-4900. Advertising Production: call Natalie Harwood, (610) 293-8540. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 930, Radnor, PA 19088-0930. Copyright 1996, News America Publishing Incorporated. All rights reserved. No material in The Weekly Standard may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. The Weekly Standard is a trademark of News America Publishing Incorporated.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Super-Extra-Ultra Big Tent

The Republican party is tolerant of pro-choice views within its ranks, as the pro-life Bob Dole, among others, tirelessly points out these days.

Super-, extra-, ultra-tolerant, it turns out.

A grassroots campaign is now underway to promote a congressional override of President Clinton's April veto of the partial-birth-abortion ban. Sponsored by the Bishops' Conference of the Catholic church, the National Right to Life Committee, and a variety of pro-family groups, this campaign will contact almost 30 million Americans by mail in the next few months—and ask them to write their congressmen in support of a veto override.

Anticipating this flood of constituent mail, Rep. John Boehner, chairman of the House Republican Conference, is eager to help his troops respond. Use this grassroots campaign as a "great opportunity for building your constituent database" of computerized names and addresses, he urges his fellows in a "Dear Republican Colleague" letter of July 1.

And make sure to answer those constituents! Attached to Rep. Boehner's note are two "sample constituent responses," one for the overwhelming majority of House Republicans who view partial-birth abortion as repellently inhuman and worthy of criminal sanction, and one—who says the GOP is intolerant?—for the handful of their colleagues who disagree.

Partial-birth abortions are "morally indefensible" and "particularly gruesome" procedures, a "large majority" of which are performed "for purely elective reasons," Rep. Boehner's form letter for ban proponents reads. No they aren't, either, Rep. Boehner's proposed response for ban opponents argues: Partial-birth abortion is a "necessary" and "acceptable medical practice" performed only in a "relatively small number" of cases "wherein the fetus has severe genetic anomalies or continuing the pregnancy has severe life-threatening consequences for the mother."

Whatever.

Sample Constituent Response: Member Opposes H.R. 1833 to Ban Partial Birth Abortions

Thank you for contacting me in support of over
veto of H.R. 1833, the Partial Birth Abo

Sample Constituent Response: Member Supports H.R.1833 to Ban Partial-Birth Abortions

First Lady Update

They met in a shack last month deep in the Mexican jungle—Danielle Mitterrand and the Marxist guerrilla Subcomandante Marcos—and an erotic fascination was born. The pipe-smoking rebel wore his mask throughout his meeting with the former French first lady. But as Mrs. Mitterrand recounts in the *Sunday Times* of London, she could still peer into his eyes, which are "deep brown and flecked with gold." She could still luxuriate in his voice: "It was both powerful and soft." Indeed, the mask made Marcos "more timeless, disincarnate." He gave her a paper rose, which she now keeps in her bedroom. François Mitterrand's widow has always had a taste for radical chic, and she had come to Chiapas to escape the "dictatorship of money." While the rest of the world is hung up on material things, she maintains, the Zapatista rebels offer an alternative way of living. As for Subcomandante Marcos, Mrs. Mitterrand reports that this month he is convening an international meeting of "humanity against neo-liberalism." Charlie Peters, beware!

The Bare Truth

With the arrival of Olympic revelers, the 65 nude dancing clubs of Atlanta are girding their loins for an onrush of business, according to a recent story in the *New York Times*. But some of the strip-persons themselves still pine for earlier revels in Atlanta. "I don't know how many men will go to the Olympics alone and then go to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strip clubs at night; it may be a little too family-oriented," a dancer named (what else?) Misty told the *Times*. "I'll tell you what was awesome: the Democratic convention in 1988. You know politicians. Now that was when a girl could make some real money."

Democratic Buttheads

Bill Clinton and his flacks have jumped all over Bob Dole's statement that not all people who light a butt get hooked (which is certainly true; especially if you don't inhale) and that each state "ought" to be responsible for enacting "tougher smoking laws," not the federal Food and Drug Administration.

Clinton/Gore '96 media puppets immediately pumped out a television attack ad characterizing Dole's FDA comment as a death warrant for America's children. Senate and House Democrats hit the airwaves decrying the influence of tobacco money in Washington. Of course, they're all hypocrites.

The *New York Times* has revealed that Sen. Tom Daschle, the Democratic minority leader, was among "32 Senators of both parties who sent a letter in December [1995] to the Food and Drug Administration objecting to its efforts to regulate tobacco, policies pushed by the Clinton administration."

In fact, since 1986, Daschle has stuffed $20,500 of tobacco-industry contributions into his campaign coffers. On the House side, the Democratic leadership has had a long history of smoking the peace pipe with Big Tobacco. Since 1986, minority leader Richard Gephardt has accepted $67,258 in industry donations, minority whip David Bonior $53,800, and the chairman of the Democratic Caucus, Vic Fazio (who also signed the Daschle FDA letter), $52,050. Between 1985 and 1996, seven of the top ten House recipients of tobacco-industry money were Democrats.

The final irony of the White House tobacco offensive is that it is meant to reelect a man who has a long history of cigar smoking and is regularly seen chomping a cigar on the golf course.

The Reading List

The Reading List salutes two university presses for rising above the muck of multicultural, postmodernist, and transgender studies and publishing impeccable and useful scholarly editions of important works. Fun ones, too.

The University of Chicago Press has given us a new edition of Machiavelli's ***Discourses on Livy***. The *Discourses* is, along with *The Prince*, the founding guide to the "new modes and orders" of the modern world in which we live. It's translated with painstaking accuracy—but also great readability—by Harvey C. Mansfield and Nathan Tarcov. There's a helpful glossary and index, and a too-short introduction, which can be supplemented, however, by Mansfield's new book of essays, ***Machiavelli's Virtue***, also from Chicago.

A century later, one of Old Nick's lieutenants, Francis Bacon, wrote a Machiavellian account of recent English history for the instruction of his countrymen. Cornell University Press has published a scholarly edition of Bacon's ***History of the Reign of King Henry the Seventh***. This now-obscure work is a good read, and the fascinating interpretative essay by the editor, Jerry Weinberger, makes clear that it is also a fundamental work in modern political thought.

Neither book may seem at first blush a candidate for summer reading—but think how much you'll impress your beach blanket neighbors!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Casual

Monaco on the Potomac

Everyone has his price, the saying goes, and Eleanor Holmes Norton is coming pretty close to discovering mine. Norton is the District of Columbia's representative in Congress. She has proposed to save the District from its desperate economic and fiscal trouble by granting it a remarkable privilege: a flat federal tax rate of 15 percent for District residents, atop a $15,000 basic exemption for single-filers and $25,000 for heads of households.

There was a time when the grasping selfishness of this proposal would have shocked me. That was, of course, before I moved into the District myself. Now I see a curious libertarian logic to the Norton plan: The District has already abolished virtually all government services; why not complete the job and scrap taxes as well?

It's a funny thing how the mind works. Outsiders might object that the rest of the country seems able to struggle along paying the federal tax rates; that the District's problem really lies in its crushing local taxes and appallingly overstaffed and incompetent civil service. But what do they know? With every passing day, I find myself more and more impressed with the good sense and foresight (did I mention compassion?) of the Norton plan.

The entitlement mentality so pervasive in the District—a mentality epitomized by Bob Dole's "you owe me" campaign for the Republican nomination—has also infected me. Haven't I wasted five days trying to register my car in the District? Don't I drive over streets that make San Salvador look like an automotive utopia in comparison? Aren't I a victim of a police force that seems to have decided to decriminalize crime? Don't I live in the only national capital this side of Kampala where you can't drink the water. Damn it—America owes me too!

Sean Delonas

There is something beguiling about the vision of the District of Columbia as Monaco on the Potomac. Those of us who live here already feel that we're living in a sort of foreign enclave within the United States. Add a strict banking-secrecy law—a measure that I am sure would obtain Mayor Barry's enthusiastic backing—and a few three-star restaurants, and the analogy would be perfect. The mayhem on the streets is at least as frightening as the worst of the driving on the Ferrari-crammed Corniche.

Better still, we already have a local equivalent of the famed Monte Carlo casino: the District's equally famed automobile registry. Here's how the game works. When it comes time to register your car, you send the District $100. A few lucky gamblers receive a new sticker; the rest have to send in another $100 and try again. And just as Prince Rainier rules Monaco by divine right, so too does the local political dynasty rule the District—although Cora Barry acts more like Imelda Marcos than Grace Kelly.

Well perhaps I'm going a little too far. Short of Monacization, there is another possible solution to the District's problems, and one that might irritate the rest of the country a little less than the Norton tax cut: Grant the District its perpetual demands for statehood. The publication of such an idea in The Weekly Standard may raise a few eyebrows. After all, conservatives have been scoffing for years at the notion that the country's most misgoverned city, population 500,000 and falling by 12,000 a year, whose principal source of income is transfer payments from the rest of the country, ought to enjoy the privilege of electing two senators. But look at the other side: Article IV of the Constitution guarantees every state a republican form of government. Whatever that phrase means, it must mean that Marion Barry would not be allowed to be ruler for life of the Ruritanian principality he has made of what was once a great city. Mustn't it?

David Frum

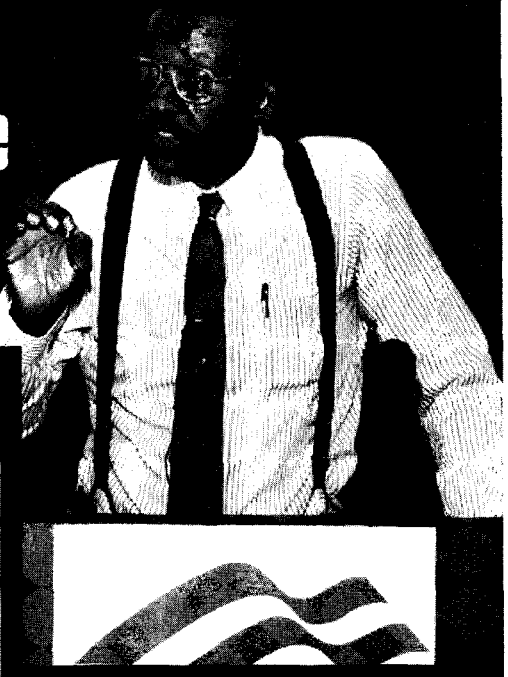
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION

18TH ANNUAL National Conservative Student Conference

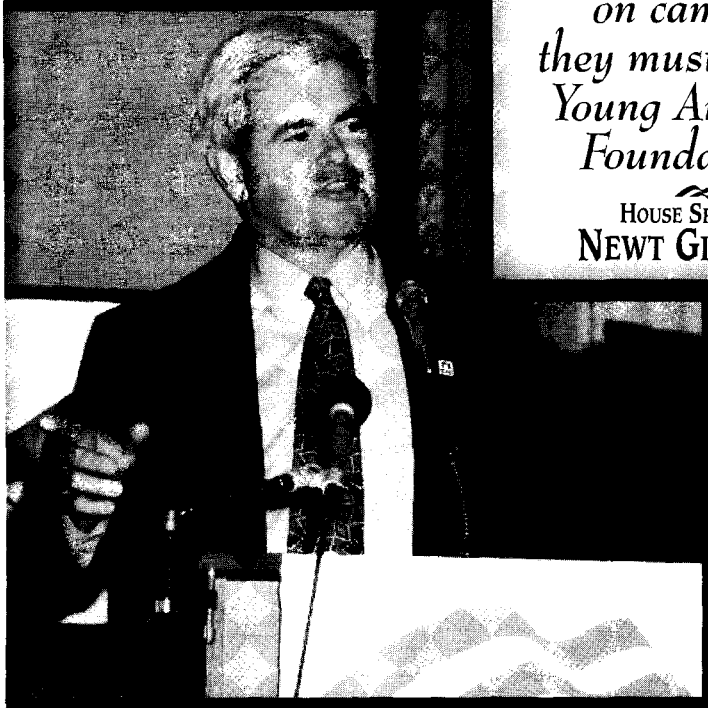
WASHINGTON, D.C. JULY 21–27

The National Conservative Student Conference brings college students to Washington, D.C. to explore conservative ideas, public policy issues, and strategies for surviving on campus. Students meet with congressmen, leaders of the conservative movement, and also get to know other right-minded students from across the country. Not only does the National Conservative Student Conference equip students with effective defenses of their beliefs, but it also draws nationwide C-SPAN coverage.



"If students are serious about effectively challenging the liberal monopoly on campus, they must contact Young America's Foundation."

HOUSE SPEAKER
NEWT GINGRICH



"The speaker quality was superb. . .it was the best week of my college career."

Dean Ouellette
University of New Hampshire

"I have had a once-in-a-lifetime experience here at the summer conference. Rarely will you have the opportunity to spend a solid week surrounded by like-minded people with whom you share a vision for the future of America."

Kathryn Lopez
Catholic University

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION

F. M. Kirby Freedom Center
110 Elden Street
Herndon, Virginia 22070
1-800-292-9231

For further information about the conference and an application, clip and mail to **Young America's Foundation**, or call our toll free number.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone Number _____

1996 CONFIRMED SPEAKERS

TOM CLANCY
ROBERT NOVAK
G. GORDON LIDDY
JOHN O'SULLIVAN
FRED BARNES
MICHAEL MEDVED
WALTER WILLIAMS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC AND VALUES IN *THE HUNCHBACK*

Disney must have released two different versions of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, because the film James Bowman described bore faint resemblance to the film my family and I saw ("Disney's Mickey-Mouse Religion," July 1).

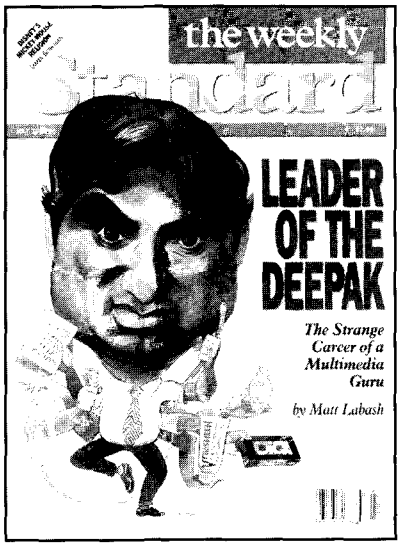
Far from being an attack on Christian values, we found *Hunchback* to be an uplifting, funny, and deeply spiritual support for some of the values that we most associate with Christianity: to see a person as God sees him, beyond the outward appearance and whatever flaws may be inherent in him; and to be compassionate to all people, even if it means defying authority (in this case, that of a corrupt civil official).

Bowman's twisted take on *Hunchback* distorts the movie on so many points that it's hard to know where to start. Bowman cites Frollo as the "Christian believer" who stands against presumably anti-Christian figures. But Frollo is obviously the villain: Clearly a civil servant, Frollo is all judgment and no mercy or compassion. If Frollo is the best example of a Christian that Bowman can come up with, then no wonder he fears for the future of the faith. Frollo's opposite is clearly the gentle archdeacon, who serves as the example of the real Christian—he saves the infant Quasimodo from being killed by Frollo; he guides Esmeralda into the church and encourages her to pray.

Bowman chooses to ignore one of the most special moments in the movie. After Esmeralda rescues Quasimodo from humiliation and abuse in the public square, Frollo orders the guards after her, forcing her to seek sanctuary in Notre Dame. She complains to the archdeacon that "no one out there would help me." As he guides her through the narthex and into the sanctuary, the archdeacon says, "Maybe there's Someone in here who can."

But what's really reprehensible is the way Bowman ignores the impact of Alan Menken and Stephen Schwartz's moving score. The music for *Hunchback* draws on medieval plainsong modes and Latin mass, including large sections from the requiem mass. In "Hellfire," Frollo prays to Mary, reminding her of his piety and righteousness and asking how it can be that he finds himself tempted by Esmeralda. As the song progresses, he sinks deeper into the sin of lust, begging God to have mercy on both him and Esmeralda.

What ups the religious ante on this song is the counterpoint, sung by the priests and religious of the cathedral. The song opens with their singing the confiteor, the Roman Catholic confession, in the cathedral across town from the Palace of Justice, where Frollo is pacing. Throughout the song, the two forces alternate, so that when Frollo is singing "It's not my fault," the priests in the cathedral sing "mea culpa" (Latin for "my fault"), rising to a crescendo in "mea maxima culpa" after the line about the devil. This number is musically powerful, hellish in its staging, and absolutely riveting.



There is something almost Pharisaic about Bowman's dogged determination to find Disney at the root of societal disintegration. With each movie he cites, he starts with a thesis and then twists the dialogue and its presentation to support that thesis. His vehemence toward all things Disney looks either like jealousy, or like the reaction of a Pharisee whose worldview is being questioned. Maybe that's the real problem here.

KAREN DAVIS HOPPE
WASHINGTON, DC

James Bowman is a perceptive and intelligent critic, but his analysis of recent Disney cartoons is misleading because he ignores the music. I agree with him that the scripts for these films are far too often New Age tosh, but the scores are wonderful. Alan Menken has done more to revive the traditional musical than any other composer of the 1990s. His score for *Beauty and the Beast* is first-rate, while the scores to *Pocahontas* and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* have many good things in them. The Oscar judges were perfectly right this year when they gave prizes for the score of *Pocahontas* but no awards for the script or the acting.

Bowman is also right when he argues that Disney has watered down many classic fairy tales. But the original books still exist and have a market. Parents shouldn't be satisfied with the Disney version, but should urge the children to read the original stories. Wouldn't it be great if Disney's *Hunchback of Notre Dame* prompted children across America to start reading Victor Hugo?

MARTIN MORSE WOOSTER
SILVER SPRING, MD

James Bowman's article comes across a trifle overwrought. Sure, anything that might help curb leftist excess is laudable. Nevertheless, the deconstruction of children's entertainment has its limits. How many budding Clintonistas would be right-minded Americans had not Goldilocks's trampling of the three bears' property rights gone unpunished? Anyway, in a world afloat in the Left's vaporing, choking down a little cant is a small price to pay to be able to take my kid to see works free of smut and drenched in talent.

DON JANSEN
ARLINGTON, VA

James Bowman's use of twisted logic to find evil where it doesn't exist is truly worthy of Claude Frollo himself. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* is not an anti-religious or anti-Christian movie at all. In fact, it is a daringly spiritual and intensely moving film, featuring a driving (and very religious) choral underscore that Bowman fails to mention. The Christians with whom I have discussed the film found it to be a powerful experience and consider, as I do, ravings like Bowman's to be symbolic of the worrisome extremism hiding out in the religious Right.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

When Esmeralda is first introduced to Christianity, she prays and seems to capture the spirit of prayer better than some of the regular churchgoers. It's what she prays *for* that seems to bother Bowman so much. Why is tolerance such a pernicious concept to extremist Christians? In a telling comment, Bowman calls the Frollo of the 1939 film version a "good man," even though from the very first scene he is shown to be obsessed with the extermination of the gypsies. Does tolerance, that most Christian of traits, offend people like Bowman because they piously view their brand of religion as the "one true way," inherently exclusionary of other points of view? Do appeals to tolerance hit a little close to home because their belief systems can't allow it?

Disney's concept of decency is one that makes many on the right, religious and otherwise, positively shudder, and that fact paints a frightening portrait of an increasingly foul and paranoid group.

DAVID DURRETT
JACKSONVILLE, FL

EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW

Bob Dole's reluctance to endorse the California Civil Rights Initiative is puzzling ("Quotas: The GOP Goes AWOL," July 1). Dole should find his tongue and his conservative heart to defend the initiative. Discrimination and preference based on inherited traits mock our American political faith.

Thomas Jefferson's words—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal"—define the bedrock assumptions of American citizenship. Abraham Lincoln spoke of the promise of the Declaration of Independence to lift weights from men's shoulders and to insure that "all should have an equal chance."

In developing systems of discriminatory affirmative action that give preferences based on race, ethnicity, and sex, we have wandered far from Jefferson's and Lincoln's visions of our republic. CCRI does nothing more than restate the American belief in equality for all citizens before the law. Dole should vigorously affirm what most Americans know is just and true.

GORDON M. SEELY
BELMONT, CA

BOURGEOIS BASEBALL

Perhaps it is THE WEEKLY STANDARD that has become Nietzsche's last man, content with bourgeois morality! Your Scrapbook mocks communitarian Michael Sandel, a Little League coach who does not allow his players to yell at the opposing team or the umpires and who rewards his squad when a player backs up a teammate on the field ("Sandel-lot Baseball," June 24).

Apparently, you have fallen into the sports morality of the style-over-substance pop culture, which lauds such feats as trash-talking and blaming the umpire while scoffing at fundamentals and sportsmanship.

As a former Little Leaguer, local sportswriter, college-newspaper sports editor, and lifelong sports fan, I am appalled at the lack of team play and poor fundamentals exhibited by today's professional athletes. A coach such as Sandel, who teaches good defensive play and sportsmanship, is not regressing into the comfort of bourgeois morality, but rather is swimming upstream by daring to instill winning attitudes in his young athletes.

Perhaps I'm a sports neo-paleo-counter-sub-conservative (or whatever today's chic term is), longing for the days when fans, players, coaches, and reporters fawned, rather than yawned, at the finer points of sportsmanship. Dare I expect a well-executed defensive back-up by today's major leaguers? Perhaps they should receive Snickers bar bonuses in their fat contracts.

DOMENIC C. SCARCELLA
GRANITE SPRINGS, NY

SMOKING OUT THE GOP

Matthew Rees correctly points out how Bob Dole has placed himself on the wrong side of the tobacco issue, but Rees seems to despair of any solution to this dilemma ("Smoking Out Bob Dole," July 1). The ultimate irony is that Dole, because he has no tobacco strategy, is the "butt" of jokes, while Clinton is earning brownie points for an anti-smoking "program" that would be ineffective in reducing smoking—indeed, tobacco stocks responded favorably to the Clinton proposal.

I am deeply concerned that the Republican party has no strategy for dealing with our nation's pandemic of cigarette-related diseases. Worse, it seems increasingly evident—as manifest in Dole's unfortunate comments comparing the health effects of smoking with drinking milk—that the Republican party is viewed as a friend of the tobacco industry. Why?

Smoking is a physically addictive, life-shortening habit taken up primarily by kids. Sounds like a habit that conservatives would be loath to defend and against which they might willingly campaign.

Yes, people have the "right" to smoke and companies have the "right" to advertise. But how can conservatives justify the unique legal status the government affords tobacco companies, wherein they are a) excused from telling the truth about the dangers of their product, even when testifying before Congress, and b) protected from everyday rules of product liability, by means of a government-mandated warning label on packs?

Counterintuitive though it may be, conservatives who defend the status quo on cigarettes are endorsing Big Government. Without the 1965 congressional decision to mandate the warning label—which offered the priceless gift of preempting tobacco companies' responsibility of giving detailed warnings about the health effects of their products—the free market would have worked. The industry would have been held responsible for the harm done by its products, and the resulting costs would have driven up the price of cigarettes, so that the practice would be much less frequent than it now is.

ELIZABETH WHELAN
PRESIDENT, AMERICAN COUNCIL ON SCIENCE AND HEALTH
NEW YORK, NY

THE WEEKLY STANDARD
welcomes letters to the editor.
Letters will be edited for length and clarity and must include the writer's name, address, and phone number.
All letters should be addressed:
Correspondence Editor
THE WEEKLY STANDARD
1150 17th St., NW
Washington, DC 20036.
You may also fax letters: (202) 293-4901.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buzz Words

"An exciting new magazine...sparkling, truly zippy...a high-powered wow."
—*The Washington Times*

"...just a thrill. I can't believe how much good stuff you've gathered together."
—John Stossel, ABC News *20/20*

"I actually read nearly all the pages, which I only do with a handful of magazines."
—Gregg Easterbrook, *Newsweek*

"...absolutely splendid. So alive." —*Reader's Digest*

"...Intellectually aggressive..." —*The Washington Post*

"America's finest magazine of culture, politics and economics..."
—*Seattle Times*

Find out what they're buzzing about...Free.

Active, influential people don't have time to dig through truckloads of weekly newsmagazines and political journals. Yet they know that keeping well-informed is critical to keeping up. What they need is an intelligent, one-stop source that brings them news and interesting analysis of today's most important political, economic and social trends.

Welcome to ***The American Enterprise***, the most invigorating journal of thought and opinion in America today.

THE AMERICAN ENTERPRISE

We feature lively writing on serious topics from writers like William Bennett, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Charles Murray, Irving Kristol, Marvin Olasky, Ben Stein, Christina Hoff Sommers, Florence King, Thomas Sowell, Mickey Kaus, Michael Barone, Stanley Crouch, Eugene Genovese, Alan Keyes, Barbara Dafoe Whitehead, George Gilder, Michael Medved, Dinesh D'Souza, and Paul Johnson. Concise, enjoyable-to-read information on the direction of American society.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE OF POLITICS, BUSINESS, AND CULTURE

Complete this form and we'll send you a free issue of *The American Enterprise*.

If you like what you see and want to subscribe at the special rate of $28 a year, return a completed invoice.

If you decide *The American Enterprise* isn't for you, just write "cancel" on your invoice. That's all there is to it. The free sample is yours to keep.

Send me a **FREE** issue at no obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State/Zip .....

Clip and mail to ***The American Enterprise***, P.O. Box 2013, Marion, OH 43306-2013
or call 1-800-596-2319 or fax 614-382-5866

A6WKS1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the weekly Standard

Democratic Obstructionism

We'll stipulate at the outset that the conventions governing received political opinion in Washington are unfair to congressional Republicans.

As a minority in 1994, they manage to block a handful of deeply unpopular Democratic initiatives like the Clinton health care scheme. For this achievement, Republicans are jeered as goats. An algae-bloom of reports about GOP-inspired legislative gridlock covers the newspapers. Professors of government warn television audiences about the anti-democratic exploitation of the Senate's filibuster rules. "Republican obstructionism" enters the lexicon.

And two years later, when a Republican majority's legislation is shot down or stalled by *Democratic* filibuster and veto threats, is there comparable anguish about the minority party's power to spoil American progress? Don't be silly. There are literally millions of stories from 1996 in the giant Nexis computer database of print and broadcast news sources. A search of those stories turns up the phrase "Democratic obstructionism" exactly . . . never. President Clinton's claim that Senate Democrats "have not abused the filibuster in their minority position the way the Republicans did for two solid years in 1993 and 1994" raises not a single reporter's eyebrow in the White House briefing room.

Even though that claim is unarguably false. The Republican 104th Congress of 1995-96 is by far the most filibuster-clotted in American history. During the entire, famously "gridlocked" 103rd, then-Senate majority leader George Mitchell's Democrats sought to end debate against real or threatened Republican filibusters a total of 51 times. The current Republican Senate majority has already been forced into 71 similar "cloture petition" maneuvers—on 32 separate pieces of legislation. The balanced budget amendment, tort reform, regulatory reform, labor law reform, the farm bill, the 1996 budget appropriation for the Departments of Labor and Health and Human Services: all of them filibustered by Democrats.

The list will grow longer. The 104th Congress still has half a year left to live. And legislative obstructionism is the Democratic party's central political strategy heading into November's election. No bill that campaigning Republicans might brag about will be allowed enactment this year. And the GOP will again take the blame for gridlock. Once a goat, always a goat.

That's President Clinton's hope, at least. "Republicans in Congress want to ruin these good, bipartisan bills by attaching to them bad proposals that shouldn't be there in the first place," the president says. "They want to load the bills up with poison pills, measures the Republicans are inserting in the legislation to make sure I will veto it, so they can pretend it's not just the poison pill I'm against, but the bill itself." This is a classically Clintonian double-reverse spin, mirror writing that must be read upside down and backwards to be properly understood. The truth is this: The president and his Hill allies are desperate to attach phony "poison pill" labels to relatively obscure provisions in almost every piece of pending congressional business. That way Democrats can pretend to give a damn about the "good, bipartisan bills" they're busy killing—when all they really care about is preventing Republican legislative success.

Last fall, an overwhelming and bipartisan 345-79 majority in the House of Representatives approved legislation to consolidate and rationalize the federal government's 150-odd job training programs, now spread like unmatched puzzle pieces over 15 different agencies. Similar legislation passed the Senate by a 95-2 vote. The White House—and all 50 state governors—warmly endorsed the idea.

But this year the job training initiative is suddenly "unacceptable" to the Democratic party. A conference committee of House and Senate negotiators has worked for months to reconcile differences between each chamber's version of the bill. Republicans on that committee have made a series of small and highly technical concessions to pro-family critics of the measure like Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum. Mrs. Schlafly is not mollified, and most Republican conferees seem prepared to proceed without her. But Democrats now have an excuse to denounce the entire enterprise as "extremist." Ted Kennedy is threatening another fili-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

buster. So count this bill a goner. And don't expect the Democratic party to be charged with the crime. "Job Training Bill Trapped in a Philosophical Snare; Eagle Forum Targets Bipartisan Legislation," the *Washington Post* announces.

The president and his pals have similarly low hopes for health insurance reform legislation, which not too long ago passed the Senate by a vote of 100-0. Senator Kennedy is holding up this mild-mannered initiative as well, despite the fact that he himself co-authored it with Republican Nancy Kassebaum of Kansas. The House version, you see, includes a provision for tax-exempt medical savings accounts, an interesting experiment favored by conservative policy activists that Democrats ritually and hysterically decry as the greatest health threat to America since polio. Republicans must promise in advance that nothing remotely resembling the House-passed plan will appear in a final health care bill, Kennedy demands. Otherwise, he will refuse to appoint Democratic negotiators to the necessary House-Senate conference. There will be no health care bill at all. Which will help Democrats more than Republicans, top Kennedy health care staffer David Nexon candidly explains, "because we can credibly blame them for killing it."

He means Democrats will be able to manipulate a credulous press corps into blaming Republicans for killing it. And you know what? He's probably right. Political journalism is as dependent on complexity-reducing stereotypes as any other story-telling medium. And the GOP as Villain of Gridlock is one of the hardest stereotypes there is. It no longer comports with reality. But no one hardly notices.

We'll say it again: It's unfair. And it's also pointless for Republicans to complain about it. The last time a congressional party made its enemies' "obstructionism" a major campaign theme—remember the Democrats' "Action, Not Gridlock" slogan in the fall of '94?—the effort was a spectacular bust. Americans, as they should, still care more about the substance of partisan legislative debate than about the tricks each party uses to mess the other up. The country did not like the Democratic legislative agenda in 1994, and it *rewarded* the GOP for filibustering that agenda to death. In 1996, voters will not be much impressed by Republican grumping about Tom Daschle and Ted Kennedy. They will demand something more from the congressional majority than that.

The real task for Hill Republicans remains essentially the same: to take the case for their thwarted conservative policies to the nation as a whole—and to broaden the appeal of those policies to Americans not yet convinced of their merits. Success will help produce what mere griping about minority obstructionism cannot: a Republican majority sufficiently large that no Democratic filibuster can touch it.

—David Tell, for the Editors

Full-Court Pressure

by Fred Barnes

Former FBI agent Gary Aldrich's scheduled appearance on the June 30 *This Week with David Brinkley* drove White House officials to the phones. Leon Panetta, the chief of staff, called Robert Murphy, vice president for news coverage at ABC, and urged him to cancel Aldrich. George Stephanopoulos conveyed the same message to Murphy and, in a separate call, to Virginia Moseley, the associate producer of the show. Ex-congressman Tony Coelho, an unpaid political adviser to the White House, also called Moseley. John Emerson, a deputy assistant to President Clinton for intergovernmental affairs, got in touch with Robert Iger, the president of Capital Cities/ABC in Los Angeles. Another Clinton aide called Michael Ovitz, the president of Disney, ABC's parent company. Democratic national chairman Chris Dodd called Dorrance Smith, the Brinkley show's executive producer. And in Lyon, France, where the president was participating in the G-7 summit, press secretary Michael McCurry pulled aside Robin Sproul, ABC's Washington bureau chief, for a closed-door meeting and declared it outrageous and unacceptable for the Brinkley show to put Aldrich on the air.

Though you'd hardly know it from the press coverage, this was an unprecedented effort by the White House—any White House—to exert pressure on a news organization to keep a critic of the president off television. Not since the Nixon administration tried unsuccessfully to block publication of the Pentagon Papers twenty-five years ago has a White House leaned so aggressively on the media to alter a news decision. And the remarkable thing is the heavy-handed pressure may have paid off.

True, ABC hung tough and Aldrich appeared on Brinkley. But the White House probably helped shape how he was treated. And afterwards, Aldrich became persona non grata in the mainstream media. What

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happened to the Aldrich menace? "We killed it," boasts Stephanopoulos.

What's also amazing about the whole incident is how unperturbed the rest of the media was. Normally when a White House throws its weight around with the press, the guardians of the First Amendment go berserk. But editorial writers and reporters and journalistic societies were all but silent in this case. Columnist Margaret Carlson of *Time* even trashed ABC for *not* succumbing to White House pressure. Would she have been so indignant had the Reagan or Bush White House been doing the arm-twisting? Not likely.

Pre-Aldrich, the Clinton White House already had a well-earned reputation for pressuring the press to get more favorable coverage. McCurry has called in media bosses to grouse about their correspondents' pieces. Stephanopoulos lobbied CNN president Tom Johnson in 1994 to keep coverage of Paula Jones off the air when she first accused Clinton of sexual harassment. But to combat Aldrich, who chronicles his experiences at the Clinton White House in his new book *Unlimited Access*, the White House took more drastic action.

In urging Sproul to get the Aldrich interview canceled, McCurry made clear there would be consequences if ABC didn't go along. The interview that President Clinton has agreed to do this fall with Barbara Walters would be in jeopardy. ABC might run into unspecified difficulties in covering the administration. And, McCurry added, future bookings of White House and other administration officials on ABC shows like Brinkley's might be curtailed.

"We thought it important enough to elevate this," says McCurry. Stephanopoulos insists the White House was "facing a hemorrhage. This guy was going to be everywhere, even breaking into prime time." As for *Unlimited Access*, "it's patently clear it's a fabrication," argues Stephanopoulos. More broadly, McCurry contends the Aldrich case is a fresh example of the "marked shift" downward in the threshold for getting an allegation into the mainstream media. "The fundamentally untrue and demonstrably bizarre gets wound in with everything else," he says.

In their assault on ABC, White House officials operated from the same talking points. By letting Aldrich appear, ABC would be "lowering the threshold" of what's acceptable in the media, they said. Dodd asked Smith, the Brinkley producer who was attending his brother's wedding in Buffalo: "Isn't there a threshold?" Smith, who worked as a media adviser to President Bush, responded: "Do you know Gary Aldrich?" Dodd said he didn't. Smith said he'd dealt with him for two years at the White House and found him strait-laced, bureaucratic, and nerdy, but not a nut.

Despite the barrage of phone calls on June 27 and 28, White House aides didn't really expect ABC to back down. But they hoped at least to affect how Aldrich was handled on the air. On June 28, Stephanopoulos and two other White House aides, Mark Fabiani and Stuart Schear, went to the ABC studios to give producers and reporters their critique of Aldrich's book, page by page. Stephanopoulos had just bought one from a bookstore the day before. The book is mostly Aldrich's firsthand account of what he found objectionable in the Clinton White House. But Stephanopoulos concentrated on the hearsay passages. He produced a statement by former White House counsel Lloyd Cutler denying Aldrich's claim of having persuaded Hillary Clinton to stick with her husband after Gennifer Flowers accused him of infidelity in 1992. Other affidavits would follow, Stephanopoulos said.

This session had an impact. Had the White House not provided opposition research for ABC, the interview surely would have gone better for Aldrich. Instead of emphasizing his dubious statements in the book, the questioners probably would have focused on what Aldrich knew about Filegate, Craig Livingstone, and White House security. As it was, the questioning was brutal. Aldrich was forced to concede that the most sensational tale in his book—a late-night Clinton tryst at the J.W. Marriott near the White House—was merely a "possibility." Stephanopoulos followed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aldrich on the show. He'd asked to appear in the last slot and Brinkley producers agreed. "I think you all did a more than adequate job of destroying his credibility," he told the Brinkley panel. Post-Brinkley, CNN and NBC Dateline dropped plans to interview Aldrich on the air.

McCurry claims Clinton had no role at all in the campaign against Aldrich. "He doesn't pay attention to any of this." If he did, McCurry says, it would only make him mad. Rather, Stephanopoulos led the assault. McCurry isn't certain it was all that successful. Once Aldrich's allegations are in the national media, it's hard to extinguish them, he says. Some people may feel more "queasy" about the president as a result. The book, plus Aldrich's prominence now on talk radio, "feeds an attitude of contempt for the president and the presidency."

Still, the White House feels its damage control was successful enough to return to it again and again. "We're going to go through the exact same thing with David Brock's book," McCurry says. A book on the Clintons by Brock, the *American Spectator* writer, is to be published this fall. And while McCurry has taken back his threats to punish ABC, he and others at the White House harbor strong resentments. By interviewing Aldrich, ABC "damaged" the president, says McCurry, and "we'll remember that." Besides, he's gotten a "firsthand account" from someone who heard a speech by David Brinkley in which he zinged Clinton. Can't let that go unprotested. ♦

Hunkered Down in Bosnia

by A.J. Bacevich

"I HAD HOPED THAT WE WERE hurling a wildcat onto the shore, but all we had got was a stranded whale." Thus, in typically pungent terms, did Winston Churchill assess the Allied landing at Anzio in early 1944, an operation marred by irresolute leadership and lost opportunities.

So too are supporters of the NATO military intervention in Bosnia coming to evaluate the progress of the American-led expedition dispatched late last year to implement the Dayton Peace Accords. In Bosnia, the issue of the moment has become the unwillingness of IFOR, the Dayton implementation force, to detain Radovan Karadzic and Ratko Mladic, the Bosnian Serb chieftains accused of genocide who continue to defy demands that they present themselves to the International War Crimes Tribunal. These men's presence in Bosnia seems likely to kill prospects that elections scheduled there for September will produce genuine reconciliation. According to Bosnia hawks such as columnist Anthony Lewis, Karadzic and Mladic "are making the United States and its allies look like weakling fools."

Yet the real issue goes beyond the fate of two thugs, however egregious their offenses. Whether or not IFOR's mandate should extend to arresting war criminals touches on fundamental questions about the efficacy of the overall NATO mission. Less directly but more importantly, it raises issues that go to the heart of America's ability to employ its power effectively.

Launched amidst high expectations and the fanfare of guidons waving gaily in the breeze, Operation Joint Endeavor was trumpeted by its advocates as an essential element in the implementation of the Dayton accords and an emphatic reassertion of American leadership in Europe. The arrival in Bosnia of the Yanks and their allies would put an end to U.N.-style pussy-footing by pusillanimous peacekeepers. The implementation force, said Secretary William Perry, would be the "meanest dog" around. This was NATO, after all, the most successful alliance in history, forged and led by the United States, its impressive capabilities built on the awesome might of the American military machine—whose leaders subscribed to the doctrine of massive force decisively employed.

In fact, America's Bosnian adventure has confounded the expectations of both sponsors and skeptics. Having completed their deployment and separated the warring factions, NATO forces settled into a posture somewhere between detachment and timidity. In an enterprise originally motivated in large part by moral outrage, projecting an attitude of assiduous impartiality became an abiding consideration. Thus, for example, American commanders have not only deflected proposals to detain Karadzic and Mladic, they are wary even of inconveniencing the Bosnian Serb leaders. After all, as one American field commander recently noted, "to put up roadblocks to prevent free movement of war criminals would defeat the whole purpose of promoting freedom of movement."

On the other hand—and happily—predictions that NATO forces would provoke formidable resistance leading to continuing bloodshed have proven erroneous. Among American forces, the pregnancy rate rather than the casualty rate has become cause for con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cern. (As of late June, 62 female soldiers deployed to Bosnia had been evacuated because of pregnancy.) Indeed, according to a U.S. Army report, American troops in the Balkans are substantially healthier and safer than troops in the Army as a whole. Contributing to that record of good health—in addition to youth, general fitness, and a prohibition on alcohol—may well be the 32 weight rooms, 242 Stairmasters, and 149 Lifecycles provided to the troops, not to mention the 44 pool tables, 56 ping pong tables, and 78 Sega Genesis and 10 Super Nintendo video games. As to the impressively low rate of accidents and injuries, one American officer interviewed by the *New York Times* offered this explanation: "They've got us basically locked down in camp 24 hours a day. If you don't have a life, you can't get hurt."

Far from incidental, such restrictions—and the assurance that America's warriors remain in the very pink of health—are central to the military's operational concept in Bosnia. That concept has been resoundingly successful, at least as U.S. commanders measure success. Yet their standards are largely irrelevant to the political situation on the ground. The *ne plus ultra* of U.S. operations has been force protection. As long as the risk to American soldiers is kept to a minimum and the force itself departs on schedule, Operation Joint Endeavor is on track.

In order to curb any inclination to wander off that track, senior American officers have from the outset exploited their status as NATO commanders—nominally responsible to the alliance as a whole rather than to the president as commander in chief—to prescribe their own limited interpretation of IFOR's mandate. They have publicly and pointedly enumerated various tasks that they *refuse* to accept. When confronting the prospect of IFOR's assisting efforts to investigate war crimes, for example, Admiral Leighton Smith, the NATO commander in Bosnia, announced emphatically: "We will not clear mines. We will not guard grave sites. We will not dig up grave sites, and we will not provide individual security." As Admiral Smith was quick to note, such activities smacked of Mission Creep, the dirtiest words in the post-Cold War military lexicon. Indeed, on the very eve of Joint Endeavor, in outlining his objectives for the operation, General George Joulwan, Smith's superior in the NATO chain of command, took pains to declare, "My goal as Supreme Allied Commander is . . . to prevent mission creep."

The upshot of this preoccupation with confining IFOR to the narrowest possible mission has become increasingly evident: an American component that hunkers down in its base camps, treats perpetrators and victims with studied evenhandedness, and allows the troops to shoot pool and play Super Nintendo while they count the days until IFOR stands down sometime around Christmas. Churchill's metaphor of the stranded whale may be a cheap shot. More aptly, IFOR—and particularly its U.S. contingent—has become an inordinately fretful thoroughbred, maintained at enormous expense but, however coaxed or cajoled, disinclined to venture from its stall.

The Clinton administration, chief sponsor of the Dayton peace agreement, has acquiesced in this military-imposed definition of IFOR's mission. Indeed, the reticence with which U.S. forces have approached their task in Bosnia reflects a de facto bargain negotiated between the Pentagon and the White House. The bargain exists because it serves the immediate interests of each party: For the military, IFOR's narrow mandate forecloses the prospect of a messy and protracted involvement; for the Clinton White House, increasingly preoccupied with the upcoming election, quiet on the Balkan front keeps Bosnia from dominating the headlines and protects the president from difficult decisions involving the potentially serious loss of American life. That this near-term benefit is purchased at the expense of both the long-term prospects for peace in Bosnia (probably remote in any event) and the long-term credibility of American power (a vital commodity) figures only marginally.

But it should be emphasized that the bargain is by no means one of equals. Nor is it the commander in chief who holds the stronger hand. Rather, in this arrangement, the Pentagon owns the trump cards, and it knows when and how to play them. In Bosnia, the military defines the parameters of policy; the White House—fearful of the dread mission creep—defers.

For this reason alone, the manner in which the American expedition to Bosnia plays itself out assumes an importance that supersedes questions regarding the wisdom of the original decision to intervene. Overlaid on Operation Joint Endeavor, the elaborate minuet between soldiers and statesmen deserves the careful attention not only of those concerned lest Bosnia slide back into civil war but of those who remain opposed to the U.S. mission in the Balkans. Indeed, the relevant question is no longer whether the United States can bring peace to Bosnia but whether and in what circumstances American military leaders will arrogate to themselves the prerogative to curtail, compromise, or veto basic policy objectives delineated by America's elected leaders. In short, Bosnia further testifies to a civil-military relationship badly out of kilter and to problems with civilian control to which Americans can ill afford to remain oblivious.

Perhaps the Clinton administration—obtuse as always in military matters—is itself oblivious to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem it has tacitly encouraged. Such would be the most charitable interpretation.

Yet evidence suggests both awareness and a crippling inability to confront the issue. That, at least, is implicit in recent comments by the president's national security adviser, Anthony Lake, published in *USA Today* on June 26. In an effort to justify IFOR's narrow charter, Lake cited by way of comparison the debacle of Vietnam. There, explained Lake, "our civilian leaders gave our military a mission of nation-building that it could never accomplish. And then our whole nation tended to blame our military for its failure to accomplish that mission. We must never, ever do that again."

In essence, Lake's remarks endorse the "stab in the back" explanation for Vietnam that is still far too popular among serving military officers. That interpretation makes for bad history; it is simplistic, misleading, and ultimately phony.

Worse, Lake's bad history encourages bad policy. At a minimum, such a view undercuts efforts to fashion a coherent response to the formidable obstacles to peace in the Balkans. Beyond that, by giving credence to notions of betrayal in Vietnam, it legitimizes military efforts, clearly evident in Bosnia, to encroach on the principle of civilian control. That is the height of irresponsibility and invites great harm to the nation and dishonor to its soldiers.

A. J. Bacevich is executive director of the Foreign Policy Institute at the Paul H. Nitze School of Advanced International Studies in Washington, D.C.

Yanks Brag, Press Bites

by Michael McFaul

Most observers of Russia's historic presidential election on July 3 believed that Boris Yeltsin and his colleagues had made a dramatic bid for reelection and won. But *Time* magazine's ensuing cover story, "Yanks to the Rescue," by chief political correspondent Michael Kramer, and the ABC news *Nightline* feature "Secret Weapon," aired July 8, had a different take. They chose to downplay the greatest political event of the decade—the triumph of democrats and democracy in the first direct election of a head of state in Russia in a thousand years—and featured instead three American consultants who allegedly won the race for Boris Yeltsin. As one of these men boasted on *Nightline*, "We have brought democracy to the evil empire and the world will be forever changed because of it." This is ludicrous.

The pieces both in *Time* and on *Nightline* get the facts wrong, exaggerate the importance of the Americans, insult the intelligence and sophistication of the Russians who really orchestrated the campaign victory, embarrass American journalism, and taint the legitimate achievements of Americans who have lived and worked in Russia for years to strengthen that country's nascent democratic institutions.

Kramer's story is suspicious from the beginning. We learn that the three Americans, George Gorton, Joe Shumate, and Richard Dresner, were hired by Oleg Soskovets, a former first deputy prime minister whom Yeltsin named head of his campaign team in January. As even the casual student of Russian politics knows, Soskovets was one of the true bad guys in Yeltsin's government, a leader of the "party of war" on the Chechen issue and one of the most corrupt senior officials in the country. Anyone hired by Soskovets was automatically tainted in the eyes of liberals in Yeltsin's campaign—the people who ultimately assumed control of the reelection drive. This is the first clue as to why none of the Russian principals knew or worked with the three "hired guns" (the Americans' words, not mine).

Indeed, none of the actual leaders of the campaign—presidential advisers Viktor Ilyushin and Georgy Satarov, former deputy prime minister Anatoly Chubais, NTV television director Igor Malashenko, and Yeltsin's daughter, Tatyana Dyachenko—has acknowledged the "heroic" work of the American specialists. Instead, in print and on the record, they have denounced the Americans and denied the exaggerated roles they claim to have played. Even Dyachenko, the Americans' sole link to the campaign, refused to comment for Kramer's scoop.

When she finally did speak on the record, she dismissed the trio, telling Alessandra Stanley of the *New York Times* that none of their work was "central, either in terms of planning or strategy." If these three guys really had saved the Yeltsin campaign, you would think at least one of their clients would be willing to put in a good word.

The reason no one has anything positive to say about their work, however, becomes obvious as one reads the accounts from *Time* and *Nightline*. First, the three claim that they taught the Russians to "go negative" against communism. This gem of American con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sean Delonas

insulting. Dozens of people working on Yeltsin's campaign had been through Campaigning 101 well before the American "teachers" ever set foot in Russia. Since 1990, the National Democratic Institute and the International Republican Institute have conducted hundreds of seminars, conferences, and exchanges on party organization, message development, focus groups, polling methods, television ads, and so on. Satarov's own think tank translated into Russian the coveted Republican National Committee campaign handbook (mentioned by *Nightline* as an "election bible") four years before these Americans arrived.

For a decade now, Russian leaders, activists, and citizens have been battling to bring democracy to Russia. Russia's democrats are the heroes of this drama, not a handful of U.S. campaign operatives writing memos, for an audience of one, that were banal, obvious, or late.

Even so, the greatest outrage here is not the conduct of three consultants out to make a buck and reap publicity even if it meant breaking Russia's law against foreigners' working directly in campaigns. The real culprits are Michael Kramer, his editors, and the journalists at *Nightline*, who ignored the actual story and instead sensationalized a trivial sideshow. *Nightline*'s only sources and Kramer's main ones are the Americans themselves. In a use of sources that would not pass my undergraduate seminar, Kramer cites bits of conversation between Yeltsin's daughter and the Americans as told by the Americans. Did he ever think that his informants might have an agenda or a biased point of view? Why did neither Kramer nor *Nightline* quote key Russians? If an academic like me was able to conduct dozens of interviews with Yeltsin campaign officials, surely organizations such as *Time* and ABC could have verified their scoops with accounts from Russian witnesses.

But perhaps the truth was not the goal. Would *Time* have featured Anatoly Chubais, Giorgy Satarov, or the common Russian voter on its cover? Without images of "secret weapons" and American heroes, would this story have made *Nightline*? My guess is not, and that's the tragedy. Instead of reporting the tremendous drama of Yeltsin's victory as achieved by Rus-

sulting wisdom is a no-brainer. In fact, had they any background in Russia's electoral history, they would know that anti-communism has been the basic message of all of Yeltsin's campaigns since 1989. Satarov (whom I've known for six years) and other key campaign figures were already talking about their anti-Communist strategy in January, weeks before the Americans' "go negative" memo was drafted.

In fact, all of the Americans' memos seemed to chase events, not make them. Their March memo urging Yeltsin to bash government officials responsible for not paying back wages was written two months after the bashing campaign began. Their May 5 memo urging Yeltsin to woo Gen. Alexander Lebed came weeks after the deal with Lebed was struck. Their memo after the first round urging an early election date came days after the issue was decided by the campaign managers.

The Americans also claimed that their initial task was "simple education, Campaigning 101," implying that their colleagues knew nothing about campaign tactics. This comment is at best naive and at worst

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sians, Kramer and *Nightline* chose to focus on marginal players only because they were American political operatives. Although the three failed to influence the Yeltsin campaign, they manipulated the U.S. media brilliantly.

During the Russian presidential elections, the Western press berated its Russian counterparts for uncritically reporting Boris Yeltsin's campaign. The Western press should look at the unprofessionalism, bias, and just plain bad reporting in its own ranks.

Michael McFaul is assistant professor of political science at Stanford University and senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

YES, THE DEFICIT WAS CUT

by Tim Penny and Stephen Moore

LAST YEAR BILL CLINTON, liberally dispensing vetoes, triumphed in the battle of the budget—yet the Gingrich revolutionaries just may be winning the war.

America's best-kept political secret is that, projecting from federal revenue and spending in the first seven months of fiscal 1996, the deficit will tumble to just about $130 billion by the end of the year. This is 20 to 25 percent less than last year and the lowest annual deficit since 1982. For the first time in nearly 20 years, the deficit is on track to fall below 2 percent of national output.

This is an impressive achievement, though you won't hear about it from congressional Republicans. Still traumatized by the bruising fiscal brawl with the White House last year that sent their popularity plunging, Republicans are loath to trumpet even good news on the fiscal front. Instead, Newt Gingrich and other GOP leaders are brooding over their setbacks—on tax cuts, Medicare, and welfare—and seem eager to avoid the subject of the nation's finances.

One notable exception is House Appropriations Committee chairman Bob Livingston, who has chronicled $16.3 billion in domestic spending rescinded by the 104th Congress for 1995 and another $23 billion for 1996. Livingston is urging his GOP colleagues to declare "a great victory on the budget."

That is almost certainly premature. But he is right on one score: The Republican Congress must do more to advertise its historic first-year reduction of the deficit. If it fails in this, Bill Clinton will damn the GOP for the "drastic and mean spirited cuts" that made the budget improvement possible—while basking in the glory of a tamed debt. In reality, Clinton's 1993 five-year budget plan had little to do with the steep drop in the deficit for 1996.

Six months after the 1994 elections but before the new Congress had had any impact on the budget, the Congressional Budget Office predicted rising federal deficits for as far as the eye could see. The contrast with the CBO's deficit projections based on the budget enacted by congressional Republicans in May 1996 is remarkable:

PROJECTED DEFICIT (in billions)

	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002
Clinton budget (April 1995)	$210	230	232	266	299	316	349
GOP budget (May 1996)	$141	153	147	117	89	42	-4

The most important figures here are those for the first year. Largely thanks to congressional action, the 1996 deficit, it now appears, will be some $70 billion lower than the projected deficit the Republican Congress inherited. Over the entire seven years, the federal government will borrow about $1.1 trillion less under the congressional budget than it would have otherwise. That's not chump change, even by Washington standards.

Just as critical, Republicans have now made a balanced budget by 2002 a holy grail. Any party that breaches the commitment does so at its peril. In fact, one of the central achievements of congressional Republicans and moderate Democrats was to change entirely the terms of the debate. Incrementally, they forced the White House, through what amounted to four successive Clinton budgets in 1995, eventually to endorse (at least rhetorically) a zero-deficit program of its own.

Why is the deficit falling so rapidly this year? For all the complaints about fiscal paralysis last fall and winter, the two government shutdowns and the series of continuing resolutions generated a bundle of savings for taxpayers. Notably, Congress capped most low-priority domestic programs at 75 percent of the previous year's funding. Half way through fiscal 1996, federal outlays are $904 billion—a mere 2.9 percent above the $878 billion spent in the first seven months of 1995. Spending is growing at roughly half

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the pace of the previous 10 years.

One point warrants special emphasis: *All of the increase in federal spending in 1996 over 1995—some $50 billion—can be accounted for by spiraling growth in just two programs, Medicare and Medicaid.* There was no growth in total outlays for discretionary programs—the category that includes everything from Head Start to missile systems to the Popcorn Advisory Board. A few more years of this trend and nearly the entire federal government will have been converted into a gigantic health-care financing operation, funding nursing homes, HMOs, and veterans hospitals and little else of consequence. It's hard to see how even hard core liberal Democrats can exult in their success at protecting Medicare when the effect is to squeeze out funding for everything else.

Michael Ramirez

Clinton's demagogic "Mediscare" campaign terrorized grandmothers in order to torpedo GOP Medicare and Medicaid cost restraints—and it left double-digit inflation in federal health care in place for another year at least. Even as the inflation rate for private medical care continues to plummet, federal health care costs are rising 12 percent again this year. If Congress's Medicare and Medicaid spending limits had been enacted, federal outlays on health-care entitlements would have been lower by $6.5 billion.

Meanwhile, Clinton's vetoes of appropriations bills (amazingly, he claimed that Congress was appropriating too *little* money) led to compromises that will spend $5 billion more than Congress originally approved. Counting both appropriations and entitlements, Clinton's impact on the budget was to *raise* outlays by $10 to $12 billion this year.

One other huge dead weight on the budget is out of the spending-cutters' immediate reach: the quarter of a trillion dollars paid each year in interest on the national debt. If interest expenditures (which cannot be cut) and health care expenditures (which the president would not allow Congress to cut) are excluded, the rest of the budget has actually fallen 2 percent in nominal terms, or close to 5 percent accounting for inflation.

To be sure, the budget compromise that Clinton eventually signed into law in March was a major disappointment. The final deal with the White House was a far cry from the brash and visionary fiscal blueprint that House Budget Committee chairman John Kasich crafted just a year ago. Over time, that game plan was torn to pieces. No cabinet shutdowns. No burials of major obsolete, unproductive, or outright counterproductive, federal civilian programs.

The House Appropriations Committee recently released a list of more than 200 programs terminated, but they are mostly nickel and dimers: the $12.5 million Cattle Tick Eradication Program, the $4.3 million Nutrition Education Initiative, the $148,000 House Barber Shop, the $30 million we've been spending each year for Consumer and Homemaker Education, the $1 million for Native Hawaiian & Alaska Cultural Arts, and so on. Good riddance, for sure. But the savings total a meager $4.1 billion—out of a $1.6 trillion catalog of spending.

Lots of bigger fish got away. Some 18 months after the Republican victory, we are still appropriating funds for failed social programs such as the Legal Services Corporation and the Low Income Home Energy Assistance Program; for activities that politicize our culture in ways that many Americans find objectionable, like the National Endowment for the Arts and bilingual education; for corporate welfare, including the Export Import Bank, the Advanced Technology Program, and the Small Business Administration; for New Deal-era programs that lost their purpose a generation ago, such as the Rural Electrification Administration and the Tennessee Valley Authority; and for Clinton's new crop of muddle-headed social initiatives, such as Goals 2000, intended to federalize public-school standards and curriculum, and the community policing program, which puts local police on the federal payroll.

We believe any program that was cut by at least 20 percent—as most of these were—is probably expendable. Why keep them on life support? They should be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the first to go in the next round of budget cuts.

Unfortunately, that won't be until next year at the earliest. In May, at the insistence of GOP moderates in the Senate, Congress approved a budget that balks at deeper cuts—and even restores $15 billion of spending, including many Clinton priorities. "That budget was a fiscal retreat from what we came here to accomplish," grumbles freshman deficit hawk Mark Neumann of Wisconsin, who very nearly led a successful revolt against its passage.

Still, despite the strategic bungling and the backpedaling on the 1997 budget, the deficit is down sharply; federal domestic agencies are sweating out savings and are slowly shrinking for the first time in nearly a generation; and the White House has been backed into accepting a seven-year timetable for balancing the budget.

Conventional wisdom says Clinton won round one on the budget. And, yes, deficit hawks and fiscal tightwads have a multitude of reasons to be disheartened by the progress two years into the Republican revolution. But the pro-spending establishment in Washington may want to take another look at the scorecard. As a result of domestic spending cuts, the deficit is going down. Liberals may soon discover that they can't afford many more victories like this.

Tim Penny is a former Democratic congressman from Minnesota and a fiscal fellow at the Cato Institute. Stephen Moore is director of fiscal policy studies at Cato.

See Ya, Sheila

by Matthew Rees

Ask Trent Lott whether he will do the job of Senate majority leader differently from Bob Dole, and he will invariably remark, "The torch has been passed but the flame is the same." This may be appropriately deferential toward Dole, but it's not entirely accurate: At the all-important staff level, the passing of the torch means the empowerment of a small group of highly capable, solidly conservative staffers. Their rise comes at the expense of a clique of moderate aides whose influence enabled like-minded GOP senators to exercise power disproportionate to their numbers. The shift presages a more conservative, politically oriented Senate agenda that will be in closer harmony with the activist inclinations of the Republican House.

As Dole departs, so does Sheila Burke, his renowned chief of staff. Her legendary influence—Dole once told Hillary Clinton, "If you and Sheila can agree [on health care], I'll vote for the plan"—derived from her boss's status and her expert understanding of numerous domestic-policy issues. But her power also came from her close relations with a small group of ideological sympathizers occupying some of the most powerful staff positions in the Senate. These included Lindy Paull, William Hoagland, and Keith Kennedy, staff directors of the Finance, Budget, and Appropriations committees, respectively. Like Burke, they are all Capitol Hill veterans in their mid-forties who understand their portfolios keenly and are slavishly devoted to their work. More significantly, they share a none-too-subtle disdain for conservatives—whom they lampoon as "full-mooners" and "wing nuts"—and a desire to temper what they take to be the excesses of the congressional Republican agenda.

But with Dole gone and Lott in place, Burke's allies are without a voice in the leadership. Instead, power has been transferred to such "full-mooners" as Dave Hoppe, a former chief of staff to Jack Kemp, and Kyle McSlarrow, who ran for Congress in 1992 and 1994, declaring half-jokingly, "I supported Reagan in the '76 primaries and have moved right since then." Alongside them will be a group of activist, results-oriented Reaganite staffers unified by their recent efforts to foist conservative policies on a moderately inclined Senate.

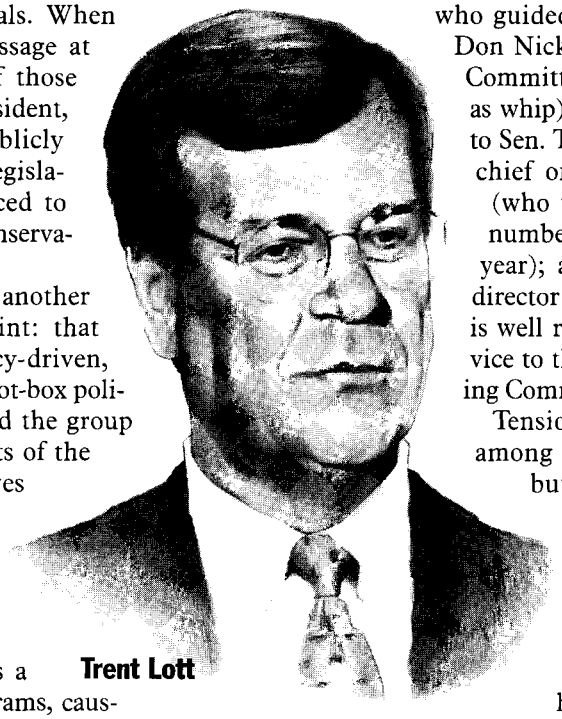
For 18 months, from the time the GOP captured the Senate in 1994, conservatives grew frustrated as they saw their favored causes undermined by the Burke faction. Burke in particular became a conservative bogeyman, pilloried in such outlets as the *Washington Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and *National Review* (while also benefiting from a strong liberal backlash—the *New York Times Magazine* published a sympathetic cover story on her and a new book by Eleanor Clift and Tom Brazaitis contains a fawning 38-page profile). But because Burke and her gang had a constituency of moderate bosses personally close to Dole—Bob Packwood, Pete Domenici, Mark Hatfield—they could claim that in moderating GOP legislation they were simply doing their jobs. Now that those remaining lack similar access to Lott, they're on the periphery. Gone are the days when their proximity to Burke meant that their proposals frequently found their way into legislation; no longer are their slots among *Roll Call*'s 50 most powerful staffers assured.

Illustrative of the way things used to be is last

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year's fight over welfare. Right-wingers wanted legislation to promote marriage and teen abstinence, targeting the steady rise in out-of-wedlock births. But they encountered an unexpected roadblock: fellow Republicans. Because welfare was assigned to the Finance Committee, Paull, as staff director, was charged with drafting the legislation. Between working for a moderate, pro-choice senator like Packwood and having a partnership with a moderate, pro-choice staffer like Burke (herself a former Finance Committee staff director), Paull unsurprisingly came up with a moderate, pro-choice-oriented bill that failed to address the conservatives' goals. When Dole pushed for the bill's passage at Burke's behest, even some of those who had endorsed him for president, like Sen. Lauch Faircloth, publicly complained that it was bad legislation. Dole was ultimately forced to delay its consideration until conservative provisions were added.

This experience highlights another frequent conservative complaint: that moderate staffers were so policy-driven, they frequently lost sight of ballot-box politics. Hoagland, for example, led the group in questioning whether tax cuts of the size favored by conservatives could be financed. (His political vacuity is the stuff of legend: It was he who, as an obscure Agriculture Department staffer, declared that ketchup should be counted as a vegetable in school-lunch programs, causing the Reagan administration much grief.) More recently, top Republicans in both chambers have been trying to neutralize the budget as a campaign issue by sending the president a continuing resolution. But Appropriations chairman Hatfield, at the urging of his staffer Keith Kennedy, has been resisting the idea.



Chas Fagan

Trent Lott

Conservatives will be satisfied with the new cadre of leadership staffers, who are pledging to be more inclusive, quicker in decision-making, and politically shrewder. The majority leader's chief of staff is Hoppe, a sharp Notre Dame graduate whose 20 years in Washington include over a decade on the House side. Having maintained close ties to the current House leadership, he will help end one of the GOP Congress's persistent problems: divergent House and Senate agendas. Dole, and Burke, rarely told anyone of their plans, short-term or long. Senate aides say Hoppe lacks Burke's ego and aloofness and is expected to keep staffers informed of pending activities, while also opening up the decision-making process. This approach should diminish the internal feuding that often forced members to go public with their complaints. So too is policy expected to have a more conservative edge: Hoppe has been arguing recently that Dole's attempts to compromise on abortion risk alienating the social conservatives whose votes are critical to Republicans.

Complementing Hoppe are two of his colleagues from Lott's staff, Bill Gribbin and Alison Carroll, along with McSlarrow, a Dole holdover. Others attaining influence are Doug Badger and Eric Ueland, who guided policy and politics for Sen. Don Nickles at the GOP Senate Policy Committee (Nickles has replaced Lott as whip); Margo Carlisle, chief of staff to Sen. Thad Cochran; Mitch Bainwol, chief of staff to Sen. Connie Mack (who will be replacing Cochran as number three in the leadership next year); and Jade West, the new staff director of the policy committee, who is well respected for her previous service to the (conservative) Senate Steering Committee.

Tensions are perhaps inevitable among this highly motivated group, but a certain *esprit de corps* was demonstrated by a June 25 group dinner at the tony Capital Grille. Deep divisions between Burke and other GOP leadership staff meant that no such dinner had been held since the Republicans seized the Senate.

What does all this mean for the moderate trio of Hoagland, Kennedy, and Paull? By virtue of their staff-director positions, they still wield power, particularly now, as fiscal concerns dominate the legislative calendar. And the Senate is still the Senate: Committee prerogatives often take priority over leadership ones. But with no Burke-like figure in the majority leader's office to do their bidding for them, coupled with the fact that their bosses aren't particularly close to Lott, the next few months will be the moderates' swan song. One Capitol Hill sage characterizes it this way: "They will go from making policy to implementing it."

So the era of moderate Republicanism in the Senate has all but ended. And in the event of a Dole victory and a GOP retention of Congress, these newly empowered conservative staffers will suddenly find they have more influence than they know what to do with. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't Count on Dole

By David Frum

This is an awful moment for Bob Dole. He has spent nearly all the money he legally can to win the nomination, and he's not yet permitted to start spending the money earmarked for the general election. To make his case, he must rely entirely on his own words—and Bob Dole has never been good with words.

Dole will have better moments. But what about his supporters? Obviously America's conservatives will—and should—hope that Bob Dole wins in November, if only because there is no other way for Bill Clinton to lose. But Dole could not possibly be signaling more clearly his indifference to, even his disdain for, the conservatives for whose support he once begged. The real risk conservatives are running this election season is not that Clinton will be reelected; it's that he will be replaced by a man uninterested in conservative ideas, hostile to conservatives as individuals, and bent on breaking the conservative grip on the Republican party.

CONSERVATIVES WILL—AND SHOULD—HOPE THAT BOB DOLE WINS IN NOVEMBER, BUT DOLE COULD NOT POSSIBLY BE SIGNALING MORE CLEARLY HIS INDIFFERENCE TO AND EVEN HIS DISDAIN FOR THEM.

Despite the pressing of a team of eminent conservative economists, Dole has made it clear that he's reluctant to pledge himself to cut taxes. The more often he's asked, the less intelligible become his views on abortion. He has rebuffed the staffers who have urged him to take a strong stand in favor of the California Civil Rights Initiative and against quotas. He has nothing beyond the vaguest generalities to offer on crime, immigration, or health care. In New Hampshire he parroted Pat Buchanan's fulminations against treacherous foreign traders and overpaid corporate executives. True, on one memorable occasion he denounced the entertainment industry for producing violent and perverse movies and songs. But as soon as Dole had knocked Phil Gramm out of the race, his concern for social conservatism appeared to evaporate. And even at the time, Dole's championing of the cause of wholesome family entertainment seemed tinged with self-amused irony—as if he wanted us all to know how preposterous he found the whole exercise, as if he found conservatives and their preoccupations so silly that he could not even pander to them with a straight face.

This record does not merely reflect an election season dash to the middle. About the only unifying theme one can detect in Dole's recent senatorial career is a determination to exasperate conservatives. He fought hard to win a balanced-budget amendment to the Constitution in 1995—but not nearly as hard for the spending cuts that would have actually pulled the budget into balance. He flirted with an endorsement of the main themes of the Clinton health-care plan, and actually did endorse the Kennedy-Kassebaum bill whose probable effects would push the country toward some future version of Clintoncare.

You don't need to take a critic's word for it. On June 11, Dole put a remarkable summation of his career on the record. In his leave-taking speech from the U.S. Senate, he singled out six accomplishments from his nearly 30 years in that chamber as worthy of special pride: his work to defend agriculture subsidies; his opposition to cutting off aid to South Vietnam in the last desperate hours of the struggle against communism; the expansion of food stamps and other low-income nutrition programs; the management of the Martin Luther King holiday bill; the passage of the Americans with Disabilities Act; and the 1983 Social Security compromise that salvaged the pension system by accelerating increases in the payroll tax.

Bravo to him for sticking by America's allies to the last. On Vietnam, as on defense issues and matters of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

national honor generally, Dole's record is exemplary. But look at what Dole thinks of his domestic accomplishments. On June 11, he said not one word about the budget struggle of 1995. Nothing about the battle over health care, the most important proposed change in social policy in a decade. There was no praise for the Reagan tax cuts or any other of the Reagan achievements, for many of which Dole deserves some credit. Dole's strong pro-life voting record went unmentioned. So too (although this would be asking a lot) did his far-sighted opposition to the Medicare and Medicaid programs back in 1964 and 1965.

Dole, speaking in the forum where he feels most at home, chose to depict himself as a man of the system, utterly unlike the Republican radicals in the House. And why not? Bob Dole *is* a man of the system, a legislator, a maker of deals. To a man like that, conservatives—who reject the deal-making culture of the capital—are bound to seem alien at best, subversive at worst. It's wishful thinking at its most ungrounded to imagine that much room will be made for such people in a Dole administration, especially since we know how little room was made for them in Dole's Senate office. The *New York Times* magazine this spring mocked conservatives for demonizing Dole's chief legislative aide, Sheila Burke. In a distorted way, the *Times* had a point. Why blame the king's evil counselors? If Dole was tempted to compromise on the Clinton health plan; if he has sometimes preferred to rely on tax increases rather than spending cuts to balance the budget, the responsibility does not belong to his underlings. It is his.

John Kascht

Optimists argue that Dole's political deficiencies don't matter: that the Republican congressional majority will govern the country, and that Dole's job will merely be to sign the bills that Clinton would have vetoed. And Dole's inexplicable passivity throughout this campaign season—his inability to generate ideas and issues of his own, his seeming lack of interest in his own election—certainly lends a tincture of plausibility to this theory. William Henry Harrison won election as a "Whig," by which he meant a president who would do more or less as Congress told him to do. Perhaps Bob Dole sees himself as a Harrison for our time.

Somehow, though, that doesn't seem very likely. Just as President Eisenhower was famously unimpressed by the Pentagon's military advice, so a President Dole is likely not to take particularly seriously the congressional advice of Newt Gingrich, Dick Armey, and Trent Lott. What could those whippersnappers know that he does not know better? Besides, if Dole finishes as badly as the polls suggest he might, there won't be a Republican Congress, not even one to put the brakes on a reelected President Clinton. And should Bob Dole and the congressional Republicans somehow both win, who would care to predict—after watching Dole's performance on the abortion issue—that it would be the Gingriches, Armeys, and Lotts who would get his ear and not the Nancy Johnsons and the Al D'Amatos?

That's not a small danger. The difference between the advice of conservative Republicans and the advice of moderate Republicans is the difference between an Antonin Scalia or a Clarence Thomas on the one hand and a David Souter or an Anthony Kennedy on the other; it's the difference between no-new-taxes and the 1990 budget deal. And unlike George Bush, who gained the nomination in 1988 with the active assistance of party conservatives, and therefore felt constrained to choose Dan Quayle as his vice president, and appoint Jack Kemp to his cabinet and John Sununu as his chief of staff—never mind that these appointments mostly turned out badly, they were rewards conservatives had sought and they were granted—Bob Dole will come to office feeling that he owes conservatives little or nothing. This is why his choice of a running mate is crucially important. Under the present rules—which make the ability to cement support before the first primary the crucial factor in winning the party's presidential nomination—Dole's vice-presidential pick will have to be considered the Republican frontrunner for 2000, no matter what happens in 1996. Should Dole go on to win the presidency, his vice-presidential choice will become the overwhelming favorite. Which means that Dole's ascendancy threatens to decisively reverse the conservative achievement of 1976 and 1980, and bring to an end the era of conservative predominance within the GOP.

So how did conservatives get into this mess? And what can they do about it?

Dole won the nomination very largely because the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conservatives who could have denied it to him failed to rally around a single alternative candidate. In part, that failure resulted from personal quirks—Gramm put off religious conservatives, Buchanan horrified economic conservatives, and Forbes did not have time to put together an effective national organization—but something deeper was at work, too.

The crucial weeks of the race—the weeks between Dole's startling show of weakness in Iowa and his decisive win in South Carolina—followed shortly after the fiercest moments of the budget confrontation between the House Republicans and President Clinton. Had the House Republicans won that fight—either by forcing the president to accept a budget on their terms or by convincing the public that it was the president, and not Speaker Gingrich, who deserved the label "extremist"—the whole shape of the 1996 race would have been different. Republicans would have had to prepare themselves to fight an election over issues of principle, which puzzle Dole, rather than over character, where a craggy, plain-spoken veteran of World War II provides a much starker moral contrast to Bill Clinton than would Phil Gramm or Newt Gingrich.

Had the House Republicans won the budget fight, Republican conservatives would have faced Republican primary voters as the natural leaders of the country, not as wild-eyed enthusiasts keen to lead the GOP to a 1964-style disaster. Had the House Republicans won, Bob Dole and his fellow old-line senators would have looked excessively cautious, dangerously weak, and terminally old-fashioned, and Newt Gingrich might well be putting the finishing touches on his San Diego acceptance speech right now. But the House Republicans didn't win, and their defeat has had a shattering effect on the Republican party as a whole—similar to the effect the collapse of the Clinton health-care plan had on the Democrats.

HAD THE HOUSE REPUBLICANS WON THE BUDGET FIGHT, BOB DOLE AND HIS FELLOW OLD-LINE SENATORS WOULD HAVE LOOKED EXCESSIVELY CAUTIOUS, DANGEROUSLY WEAK, AND TERMINALLY OLD-FASHIONED.

The party chieftains who, often unhappily, enlisted in Dole's campaign at the end of 1995 and in early 1996 cannot have entertained many illusions about their man's appeal as a candidate. Who could? Just in case anyone had forgotten his catastrophic performances in 1976, 1980, and 1988, Dole put on an extra-bad show in Iowa and New Hampshire in 1996. But after the debacle of the shutdown of the federal government, both party conservatives and party moderates seem to have arrived at an unspoken consensus that this was no year to nominate anyone who could be accused of "extremism": so no Gramm, no Forbes. Thus the boomlet for Colin Powell last year. Thus too the flurry of interest in Lamar Alexander in the early primaries. Alexander rested his whole campaign on a claim that he was the most "electable" available Republican. What he meant by that, among other things, was that his moderate record as governor of Tennessee protected him against the "extremism" charge, while his nonmembership in Congress gave him an alibi to deny all connections to Newt Gingrich.

The unpopularity of the House Republicans crippled the prospects for a conservative nominee in 1996. Dole, as the most eligible non-conservative, scooped up his prize because of Gingrich's collapse.

Political analysts will argue for years over the reasons for Gingrich's failure to outmaneuver the president last winter. Some say that defects in Gingrich's personality, his lack of measure and self-control, made it easy to represent him as a man drunk on power and indifferent to ordinary citizens, while the cunning of the president enabled him to represent himself as occupying the moderate, reasonable middle ground.

Others think that, just as the president discovered the limits of liberalism in 1993, so the Republicans bumped up against the limits of conservatism in 1995. Gingrich attempted to cut Medicare, and the American people do not want Medicare cut. Defeat was therefore inevitable, and with it the loss of control by conservatives over the Republican party, and—if you believe E.J. Dionne and Jacob Weisberg—soon over the political culture of the country.

But there's a third explanation of what went wrong, and one that offers both hope and a warning. Perhaps Gingrich suffered a 1995 debacle very like Clinton's in 1993 because, like Clinton in 1992, he campaigned in 1994 without fully revealing his agenda. Republicans believed in 1994 that the country needed major reductions in government spending, and especially in Medicare spending—just as Democrats believed in 1992 that the country needed radical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

health-care reform that would limit the quality of medicine offered to those now insured in order to fund insurance for those who now go without. Republicans and Democrats alike, though, decided that it would be wiser to wage their campaigns without risking a full explanation of their political programs. Which meant that, while they won the election, they failed to win a mandate. And when they acted as if they had, the public punished them.

The British parliamentary system, the system deliberately rejected by the framers of the Constitution, is a dictatorship punctuated by elections. Slip into power, and it's possible to do as you please for as long as five years. The American system, by contrast, is a car with no suspension. Every little bump in the ground shakes up everybody riding in it. You can't govern without a mandate, and you can't get a mandate without candidly describing what it is you intend to do. The cunning of the Contract with America was its own undoing.

That's my theory, anyway. If it's right, then the Dole-led Republicans could be on their way to an even more spectacular disaster than that of 1995. Dole HQ seems to be planning one of the most brain-dead campaigns in recent memory: *Whitewater-Filegate-Paula Jones*. And perhaps that formula may even work, in the sense of defeating Bill Clinton. But then what? The only mandate President Dole would have after a campaign like that would be one to refrain from crooked Ozark land deals and to keep his fly zipped. If a Republican Congress—assuming it's reelected—then tried to resurrect its ambitious 1995 program, it would quickly find itself in bigger political trouble than ever.

DOLE HQ SEEMS TO BE PLANNING ONE OF THE MOST BRAIN-DEAD CAMPAIGNS IN RECENT MEMORY. *WHITEWATER-FILEGATE-PAULA JONES.* AND PERHAPS THAT FORMULA MAY EVEN WORK. BUT THEN WHAT?

That's the warning. Here's the hope: The 1990s are a time of immense political possibility. An amazing number of people understand that the liberal social experiments of the 1960s and 1970s failed. They may not comprehend all the implications of that failure, and they may not know what they want to replace those experiments with, but they're open to persuasion. They know they're overtaxed, they sense that the economy is not prospering as it ought, they are beginning to fear that the old-age pension and Medicare benefits for which they are forking over more than 15 percent of their real pay won't turn out to be very good purchases, and they are haunted by apprehensions about the moral quality of their society. They're ready to try new things. They were ready to try a Democratic president who seemed to have some exciting new ideas, and they were ready to get rid of the last vestiges of the New Deal Congress when that president disappointed them. *But they insist on being convinced.* Bob Dole is not the best man to do that, but he must try.

Depressed? Don't be. The conservative cause is bigger than any election or any candidate. In the 1950s and early 1960s, the high-water mark of Keynesian self-confidence and liberal intellectual dominance, America twice elected Dwight Eisenhower president, Conservatives Anthony Eden and Harold Macmillan occupied 10 Downing Street, Canada was led by Progressive Conservative John Diefenbaker, and Germany was ruled by Konrad Adenauer's Christian Democrats. It was possible, in other words, for conservatives to win elections in a liberal era, provided they played by liberal rules. It will be equally possible for liberals—Bill Clinton, Tony Blair, Jean Chrétien—to win in a conservative era, provided that they play by conservative rules. The power to set the terms of debate is the ultimate political power. It would be very nice to win the White House; it would be even nicer to win it with a candidate willing and able to use the White House for conservative reform. But even without the White House, conservatives can continue to dominate the nation's political life—if they will only trust their own beliefs and carry on arguing their case.

The nomination of Bob Dole was a mistake. It was a mistake brought about in large part because of the failure of the House Republicans to overcome Bill Clinton, and that failure, in turn, can be traced to the unwillingness of the authors of the Contract with America to speak frankly to the people, to educate voters about the need to shrink and reform government, and to ask their permission in advance.

Happily, there is almost no such thing in politics as an irreparable mistake. Defeats and disappointments are simply opportunities to start over from the beginning. There can be no satisfactory outcome for conservatives in the November election. That's no reason, however, to despair. Win or lose, it's time to go back to the most important political work of all: mounting our soapboxes and preaching our gospel. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A President We Deserve

By William Kristol

Here's how Bob Dole wins the presidency: In October, the average American looks at her TV, sees Bill Clinton, and says . . . yuk. She then turns to her husband and tells him that she just can't stand the thought of Clinton as president for the next four years, that their kids should grow up with a president they can respect, and that even though Bob Dole isn't great, he's a decent man with a reasonable sense of where he wants to take the country.

How likely is it that enough voters will say this? It's not probable—but it's not quite as improbable as many now think. After all, despite a tactically superb campaign by Clinton and a fairly miserable performance by Dole, Clinton's lead has shrunk from about 18 points to about 12 in the last month. Clinton's "reelect" number—the percentage of voters who think he deserves another term—is slightly below 50, a classic warning sign for an incumbent, and it's hard to believe that the economic or foreign policy news is going to get better for Clinton from now to Election Day. And despite the basically good news, about 60 percent of Americans believe the country is on the wrong track—another bad omen for an incumbent running for reelection.

What's more, the country remains more conservative than liberal. The general election campaign, if conducted with minimal competence by the Republicans, is bound to accentuate the ideological distinction between the two parties. Dole will eventually unveil a tax-cut plan, thereby increasing the salience of the still-powerful tax issue; a recent poll in the bellwether state of Michigan shows a Clinton 8-point lead over Dole shrinking to 2 when voters are asked how they would vote if Dole were running on a pledge to cut federal income tax rates by 15 percent. By October it will be harder for Clinton to keep on obscuring in a miasma of rhetoric the fact that he has vetoed tax cuts, vetoed welfare reform, vetoed the curb on partial-birth abortion, and perpetuated racial preferences. It is partly because the ideological difference between the parties tends to emerge more clearly after Labor Day that every Republican presidential candidate in the last two decades has gained ground over the final two months of the campaign. And it's because voters are in fact more conservative than it is politically correct for them to acknowledge that conservative candidates tend to outperform the polls on election day, when voters make the real decision in the privacy of the voting booth. (This seems to be an international phenomenon, as true for Bibi Netanyahu as for George Bush; the conservative candidate does 2 or 3 points better than the final polls predict.)

So things are not as grim as Republicans, dispirited by the day-to-day ineptness of the Dole campaign, might think. Michigan Republicans were not inspired by John Engler's challenge to Gov. Jim Blanchard in the summer of 1990; New Jersey Republicans were down in the dumps as Jim Florio cruised toward reelection at this point in 1993. Engler and Christine Todd Whitman both trailed by about 15 points in July; they both won. Dole could too. And all of this is to say nothing of Whitewater and Ken Starr or Filegate and Craig Livingstone.

Of course, once upon a time, long, long ago—in early 1995—no one thought that one would have to make such an argument to cheer up glum Republicans. In those days of hope and glory, the confident expectation was that the 1996 election would be a rousing confirmation of the realignment of 1994. This year's election was to be the equivalent of Franklin Roosevelt's 1932 victory after the big mid-term gains of 1930. In early 1995, conservatives looked forward to a presidential campaign built on the achievements of the new Republican Congress; the debate was over what would be in a second Contract with America. If we weren't going to find another Reagan, there would at least be a presidential candidate who would competently present a routinized Gingrichian agenda. This would lay the groundwork for a new conservative governing era of relimited government and reinvigorated citizenship.

All of this was not to be—at least not this year. The Republican Congress made mistakes; a mature governing conservatism at the national level turned out to be more hope than reality; the Republican presidential field was a bust; and Bill Clinton moved skillfully to the center. Now 1996 looks to be at best a pit stop on the road to conservative realignment, perhaps even a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

detour. Conservatives hope that Dole runs well enough to hold Congress—but apart from worrying about judicial appointments (and anyway, who knows how many Souters Dole would appoint?), conservatives seem resigned to defeat. After all, they tell themselves, we can survive four more years of Clinton—and God only knows what a Dole administration would be like!

Of course, we *could* survive four more years of Clinton. And if Dole doesn't start improving, we'll have to.

But conservatives shouldn't underestimate either the possibility of defeating Bill Clinton in 1996 or the consequences of such a victory. For one thing, Dole's weakness and the absence of an economic or foreign policy crisis would make a Clinton defeat even more devastating for contemporary liberalism. For another, this would, after all, be liberalism's third strike. Programmatic liberalism—a faith in progressive social planning—bit the dust in the person of Michael Dukakis in 1988. The Democratic majority that supported liberal policies collapsed in 1994. That's why Clinton has given up both making claims for liberalism's future and defending its big government past.

John Kascht

All that is left is—the Clintons. Their character embodies contemporary liberalism. In his forthcoming book, *The President We Deserve*, British journalist Martin Walker argues that Bill Clinton is "the archetypal postwar American . . . thoroughly undisciplined in much of his personal life . . . in his flaws and sensual weaknesses, his readiness to put off hard decisions . . . utterly typical of the America of his day." In fact, Clinton is utterly typical of the *liberal* America of our day. Reelecting Clinton would give credence to the claim that our America is inevitably and fundamentally liberal America. In his victory statement on election night 1992, Al Gore exulted, "We are the children of modern America." Are they? That is the question the 1996 election could be made to pose to the American people. A repudiation of the Clintons on the grounds of character—on the grounds that we don't want our children to emulate their *Big Chill* liberalism—could be the most profound repudiation of liberalism of them all.

For the fact is that Clinton is not the president America deserves. Bob Dole may be. His mixture of qualities probably does reflect the current state of the nation. He combines admirable personal courage with a conventional go-along-to-get-along ambition. He mixes basic decency and petty vanity. His mostly sound moral behavior goes along with an uncertainty about how to make moral judgments and whether they can be "imposed" on others. He rises above the worst aspects of our time while being swept along by many of its unattractive features. And he is confused about where the country should go. In all of these ways, Dole may be the president we deserve.

But Bill Clinton? We know we deserve better than Clinton. Half of all Americans agree with the statement that "Clinton does not have the kind of personal character and core values a president should have." These Americans cringe as they watch Clinton "defining the presidency down," as Joe Sobran has put it. And by 51 to 18 percent, Americans prefer Dole to Clinton on the criterion of "ethical values."

Clinton's character may not be enough to bring him down. Americans are perfectly capable of voting for someone with inferior ethical values if they're convinced he'll do a better job for the country, if they think his policies and performance will be superior. This hard-headed attitude on the part of voters isn't unreasonable. And it's wrong to blame the American people for not being willing to desert Clinton, at a time of peace and prosperity, when Dole has so far failed to provide an alternative agenda or a sense of leadership. But if Dole can reassure the American people that his policies will be as sound as Clinton's, and that he's basically up to the job of president, then Americans will want to vote for the better man.

Does Dole have to attack Clinton's character directly? It's not his style. He is of the World War II generation, one that has already produced six presidents, and not one that boasts of being morally superior to its children. What generation in American history would be comfortable making such a claim? But Dole does not have be boastful; he can be suitably modest and reticent in the claims he makes about himself. He doesn't have to say he is a better man than his opponent. Nor should he try to say what isn't true—that he has a fully thought-through and deeply compelling vision for America in the 21st century. But I think he can say directly to the American people—perhaps he can even say it to Bill Clinton during a presidential debate—that the America for which he fought deserves better than Bill Clinton, that Bill Clinton is not the president we deserve. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edward R. Murrow: Infotainment Pioneer

By Andrew Ferguson

Journalists like to think of themselves as skeptics, but when it comes to their own trade they lean toward romance. TV journalists are especially susceptible, since their particular subclass of the profession, where the reach can be so vast, the depth so shallow, and the pay so large, carries with it a certain insecurity; TV people are often considered the spoiled, slow-witted kid brothers of the Big Boys in newsprint. (And with reason: Consult the card catalogue under Broadcast Journalism and you'll find entries like *Connie Chung—Broadcast Journalist.*)

Through every indignity, TV journalists hold tight to the mythic figure of Edward R. Murrow—"the spiritual leader," in Jim Lehrer's phrase, "of everyone in serious broadcast journalism." Stanley Cloud and Lynne Olson's *The Murrow Boys: Pioneers on the Front Lines of Broadcast Journalism* (Houghton Mifflin, $27.95, 445 pages) is yet another attempt to burnish the legend. The third Murrow biography in a decade, at least the fifth since its subject's death in 1965, it concentrates on Murrow's relationship with the team of journalists he recruited to cover Europe for CBS News during the Second World War, and tells the tale well. By the end of the book, though, the pull of sentiment proves too great and the moral of the story is uncorked.

Most of Murrow's correspondents moved from radio to TV after the war, Cloud and Olson write: "Commercial television at once trivialized and corrupted what they did. Then it tired of them and tossed them aside. . . . It is discouraging . . . that CBS tilted the balance so quickly and now so completely away from a commitment to news and public affairs and toward lowest-common-denominator programming."

There it is, straight up: the creation myth of TV news, an idyll brought low, a profundity trivialized, a purity defiled by the dollar. In this telling, as in all previous, Murrow looms as the exemplar of a vanished Golden Age, a long ago Eden of TV and radio news, where "standards" were higher and everybody knew it, and profits were lower and nobody cared. Murrow remains the paragon: objective in his judgments, unsullied by commerce, immune to the lures of squalid showbiz, unstinting in his commitment to the principled presentation of the news. All correspondents and anchors have learned to invoke his name, for like most mythic figures carved from the recent past, Murrow is meant to stand as a rebuke to the Fallen present. He is offered as final proof that "serious broadcast journalism" need not be an oxymoron.

Do I exaggerate? So deep is Dan Rather's devotion that he even gets his suits made at Murrow's old tailor in Savile Row. "To this little boy," Rather once wrote, "Murrow was a hero right out of the adventure books. Risking his life for the *truth* [emphasis, amazingly, in the original]. His work heightened my sense, even then, that being a reporter was a kind of vocation: demanding sacrifice, needing courage, requiring honor." Here, in a brief three sentences, is almost everything that people find annoying about contemporary journalism. Rather, of course, personifies the sanctimony, the self-flattery, the missionary zeal, and the Olympian remove America has learned to expect of its TV news stars. But so, alas, did Edward R. Murrow, even back in the Golden Age. When his friend and contemporary Howard K. Smith called Murrow "the most influential journalist of our time," he was righter than he knew. The next time you see Gunga Dan Rather huffing through the Khyber Pass, with a camera crew in tow and a bathroom towel wrapped around his head, or Peter Jennings congratulating himself for having the guts to "take on" the tobacco companies, or even Barbara Walters asking a stuttering movie star about his favorite tree, you know whom to credit.

Murrow foreshadowed it all, was father to it all. This is owing less to the man's own professional weaknesses than to the nature of broadcast journalism itself. Broadcast journalists need to believe that their trade wasn't always so silly and meretricious. Unfortunately for them, the real moral of Murrow's life is that broadcast journalism was always silly and meretricious.

Disinterested observers will have some trouble fixing the Golden Age of broadcast news in chronological time. It doesn't help to work backwards. Shortly after

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Charles Kuralt retired in 1994, he lamented the lost era, implying that it had closed not too long ago. "The bean counters are really in control now," he said. "I decided to leave before they could invite me to leave." (Thanks.) But several years earlier, in the late eighties, Dan Rather was lamenting the lost Golden Age also, the "tragic transformation from Murrow to mediocrity" that had recently been accomplished. To the early eighties then? No, for Walter Cronkite himself had announced that by then the "Murrow continuum" "had really come to a terminal point." Cronkite may have placed the Golden Age in the years leading up to his retirement in 1981. He would have gotten an argument from Eric Sevareid, who in the mid-1970s said CBS News had "degenerated into show biz."

Perhaps Sevareid was referring to the golden time as the glorious sixties and early 1970s, the period leading up to his own retirement. Alas, no. For in 1969 Alexander Kendrick, himself a Murrow Boy and author of the first gargantuan Murrow biography, announced that "the Murrow window on the real world had been shrunk to a peephole. . . . Controversy, with its pros and cons, had given way to compatibility. . . . Emotion replaced editorial perspective." Fred Friendly, one-time president of CBS News, agreed, although Kendrick was apparently off by a few years. By Friendly's account, CBS had wholly succumbed to worldly forces by 1966, the year, coincidentally, of *his* retirement.

Edward R. Murrow

Sean Delonas

And so the Golden Age recedes and recedes, until we reach its first autopsy, performed in 1958 (!) by Murrow himself. In a widely noted speech he declared TV news to be trivial and soporific, given over at last to "decadence, escapism, and insulation." No matter what day it is, the Golden Age of Television News always ended the day before yesterday.

It shouldn't surprise us that this long tradition of breast-beating and bogus nostalgia, two generations' worth, was begun by Murrow. By 1958 his own career at CBS was winding down, and a final snap at the hand that fed him would have seemed almost obligatory. He had come to the network 20 years earlier, hired as "director of talks" for CBS in Europe. He was 27; he told the company he was 32. He had majored in speech and drama at Washington State but claimed to have majored in international relations and political science at the (slightly) more prestigious University of Washington. In applying for the position he even awarded himself an M.A. from Stanford. A year earlier he had lost a job because of his resumé-padding, but he neglected to mention that, too.

Whatever his early prevarications, they were ever after swallowed up by his achievements in Europe, which were considerable. Foreign radio coverage at the time was similar to C-SPAN today. As director of talks, Murrow was to schedule live, unedited broadcasts of speeches and other events and assemble roundtables with newsy guests. But as war approached he began to do much more. He began to report the news, live: Munich, Sudetenland, the Anschluss. With CBS's mounting enthusiasm, he hired his Boys to extend the network's reach. They were mostly young and hungry wire-service reporters, among them several who would be elevated into the carefully tended pantheon of broadcast journalism: William Shirer, Charles Collingwood, Howard K. Smith, and Eric Sevareid.

The young men Murrow assembled were, like him, tireless and possessed with enormous physical courage. They were pushed to their utmost by the circumstances of war. Although as reporters they were often scooped by the competition, the mythology remembers them as masters of language, the written and spoken word. This is in keeping with the vanity of today's broadcast journalism, whose practitioners will tell you their "craft" requires "good writing" above all. Not surprisingly, the quality of Murrow's writing, and that of his Boys, swung widely—from the tersely eloquent to the deep purple to the banal. Murrow himself favored the plain style of most good newspaper reporters: an Ernie Pyle of the airwaves. On the page it can wear thin. Here is Murrow reporting the Blitz:

"The antiaircraft barrage has been fierce but sometimes there have been periods of twenty minutes when London has been silent. Then the big red buses would

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

start up and move on till the guns started working again. That silence is almost hard to bear. . . . You know the sound will return—you wait, and then it starts again. That waiting is bad."

Murrow himself understood the limitations of his writing. "It ain't no false modesty," he once told an interviewer, "to say that I don't know enough to write a book. I can write the language of speech, but that's totally different. When I write a book review or a preface to somebody else's book, Janet [his wife] has to go through it and scatter the commas." To really gauge the power of Murrow's war reporting, the basis of his lifelong reputation, you have to hear it. War brought out Murrow's greatest gifts, but they were not a journalist's gifts so much as those of an actor and showman. "He understood the value of silence—of no words—better than any of us," his colleague Larry LeSueur said not long ago. His famous radio sign-on—"This [pause] is London"—was shaped according to the advice of his college drama coach, who continued to send him pointers throughout the war. His great live broadcasts, particularly those during the Blitz when he spoke from rooftops and street corners as the bombs fell around him, draw their authority not from his words or even from his skills of observation, the traditional tools of a journalist. When you hear Murrow's most memorable work you're hearing the voice of a man in mortal danger. It's hard to forget that voice.

And what a voice—a smoky rumble, so grave and biblical it could make the funny papers sound like a threat to civilization. Murrow's voice was essential to his success; as, say, Basil Rathbone's voice was essential to his. Murrow demonstrated in its infancy that broadcast journalism, unlike print, was utterly dependent on the elements of show business for its effect. This is a truth that broadcast journalists always deny in theory, though they observe it in practice. And it was true even before the "tragic transformation from Murrow to mediocrity."

Murrow's work during World War II is still accepted as the nonpareil of broadcast journalism. It probably is. But its standing is curious even so, given the peculiarities that surrounded it—anomalies that could only shock those who idealize the standards of the Golden Age. Murrow broadcast under strict censorship, for one thing; as he spoke, a British information officer stood at his side, ready to tap the correspondent on the wrist the minute he got out of line. And beyond their CBS salaries, the Boys would receive direct payments from the sponsors of their broadcasts, huge corporate behemoths like Sinclair and Chesterfield (an oil company and a tobacco company!). The payments were viewed as an incentive for the correspondents to file more stories; today the purists would view them as symptoms of an unacceptable coziness with thine enemy, the sponsor. Charles Kuralt would have an aneurysm.

Before and during the war, CBS strictly forbade the use of taped material in its broadcasts. There were good commercial reasons for the ban, but the company also wanted to assure its listeners that they were getting the story straight, unmanipulated by technological wizardry. Murrow found the ban inconvenient and violated it often. Unknown to CBS, he sent a sound truck around London early in the Blitz to record the noises of the bombardment. He used the sounds as background, presumably for verisimilitude, when he wasn't broadcasting from the scene himself—a forerunner of the "dramatic recreations" that have so alarmed critics of TV news in the 1990s.

It wasn't long before Murrow and his Boys were caught up, quite happily, in another bête noire of today's purists, the "star system." The Boys became very famous very quickly. They hired agents and signed quickie book contracts. They made trips stateside, to be greeted at the dock by Movietone camera crews and interviewed in nightclubs by Walter Winchell. Lucrative speaking tours filled their brief sabbaticals. No one was so ripe for stardom as Murrow, whose great good looks were as arresting as his voice, and no one took to it with quite the same ardor. "He's much too much the showman not to have fun in the part he's playing," a colleague said a few years after the war. "When he gets out of a plane, wearing a trench coat and a hat with the brim pulled down, he's Ed Murrow, the big correspondent. Maybe one reason he enjoys acting like a newspaperman so much is that he never was a newspaperman."

Much of this stardom depended on the immediacy of radio itself, which Murrow skillfully exploited. He always spoke directly to the listener: "Last night you'll remember I was telling you about . . . " But the stardom was goosed along by the vast public relations apparatus of CBS. Even by the mid-1930s it was the best in the business, and it went to work for Murrow early. He was badly beaten by NBC on the story of the Anschluss, for example, but the company's sales-promotion staff was having none of it. The flacks quickly got out a glossy and expensive brochure, "Vienna, March 1938," which, as *Scribner's* magazine later reported, "artfully arranged the calendar of news flashes so as to [convey] the impression without saying so that CBS had been omnipresent and omnipotent throughout." The Headliner's Club presented a medal to Murrow, too: "the first time," a rival said, "a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reporter ever got an award for not getting a story." Sitting on the Headliner board at the time was Paul White, Murrow's backer at CBS.

It's interesting but probably fruitless to speculate how much of Murrow's stature today is really the residue of CBS's remorseless effort to make him a star. Most people, most broadcast journalists, recall Murrow for his television presence rather than his radio celebrity, in any case. He and the Boys came to TV reluctantly, deeming it an inferior medium to radio, but they came to it nonetheless. In fact, the differences between radio and television journalism were less pronounced than Murrow pretended. The value of both lay in technology, in the capacity to convey news at once, as it happened. The broadcast journalist could be on the air with the story while the newspaper publisher was still trying to get his printers out of bed. Then as now, however, journalists in the electronic media tended to be second-tier as gatherers of news. Radio got the soundtrack, television got the pictures, but newsprint got the scoops. In his memoirs David Schoenbrun, one of Murrow's Boys, told the story of a scoop he got in the fifties. Schoenbrun was CBS Paris bureau chief at the time, a giant of broadcast journalism. But his editor in New York refused to run the scoop, because, the editor said, he hadn't seen it in the *New York Times* and so couldn't confirm it. For Schoenbrun, the story illustrated the difference between print journalism and its simulacrum on TV.

IT'S INTERESTING TO SPECULATE HOW MUCH OF MURROW'S STATURE TODAY IS REALLY THE RESIDUE OF CBS'S TIRELESS EFFORT TO MAKE HIM A STAR.

But TV was kind to Murrow, as radio had been. The impression he made on the tube was indelible: the ever-present Camel with its curling smoke, and the squint, and the eyebrows that rose and lowered with ominous portent—these combined with the already famous voice to create an almost unbearable gravity. "No one's brow furrows," went a doggerel of the time, "like Edward R. Murrow's." As with radio, the essential gifts were cosmetic, pieces of showbiz. Among other innovations, Murrow pioneered the technique, favored today especially by Jennings and Tom Brokaw, of looking away, to the left and slightly below the camera, as he paused in reading his lines. The impression is one of a thoughtful fellow, caught in unhurried rumination. But of course, with Jennings and Brokaw, it is only an impression.

Murrow differed from his handsome successors in one important, and now quite endearing, respect. His presence on the screen was not particularly . . . cozy. His sign-off, at the end of each TV appearance, was "Good night, and good luck"—the suggestion being (as Reuven Frank noted) that you're sure as hell gonna need it. Sometimes his face and voice together could convey an unmistakable contempt for whoever was stupid enough to be watching television at the moment. He once devoted an episode of his documentary show, *See It Now*, to a trip he had made to the front lines in Korea. He closed the show staring into the camera. The troops, he said "may need blood. Can you spare a pint?" There are many ways to read this line: imploring, cautionary, chummy. Murrow's curled lip and cold eyes expressed something else: "Can you spare a pint, *you soft, pampered, pasty-faced little wet-smacks?*" The attitude worked in the fifties, apparently. We were a different country then.

See It Now was one of two Murrow series on CBS TV, the other being a weekly half-hour celebrity interview called *Person to Person*. (In its quest to keep the legend alive, CBS not long ago issued a four-volume set of video cassettes, "Good Night and Good Luck," that provides a useful overview of Murrow's TV work.) *See It Now* was a "broadcast," *Person* was a "show." Among broadcast journalists the distinction is crucial. Broadcasts are news, documentaries, chin-wags. You will never hear Dan Rather call the *CBS Evening News* a "show." Shows are entertainment. Comedians, singers, dancers, actors . . . *entertainers* do shows.

Murrow did both. Legend tells us that Murrow was embarrassed by *Person to Person*, considering it beneath the dignity of a broadcast journalist to be joshing around with the likes of Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield. But josh he did, and the surviving tapes show him enjoying himself. They also show him to be a genial but not terribly skilled interviewer, perhaps because, as was later revealed, most of the questions and answers were scripted. "What's been your biggest thrill in show business, Frank?" he asked the great crooner. Murrow was father to Larry King, too.

Purists complain that the iron wall between news and entertainment has been breached in our present benighted era. But it looked pretty permeable in Murrow's Golden Age, as well. The documentary half-hours of *See It Now* were often devoted to interviews; and it is not at all clear why Carl Sandburg, a guest on *See It Now*, should be considered highbrow and Fred Astaire, on *Person to Person*, should be low. Other

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broadcasts dealt with the issues familiar to viewers of the "newsmagazine" shows of today: education, race relations, nuclear power, war and peace. Here, too, Murrow knew to use the tricks of technology to make the broadcasts more seamless and—well, entertaining. Interviews conducted by other correspondents, for example, would be re-dubbed to make it appear that Murrow was the questioner. In the very first *See It Now*, Murrow showed footage of soldiers in Korea, digging trenches, building bunkers, even firing their weapons, with the clear implication that they were at the front. In fact they were nowhere near the enemy. Murrow's correspondent, Robert Pierpont, objected to the dodge, to no avail.

See It Now was famous then, and now, for losing money—further evidence, it was said, of a commitment to news above all else. Only Murrow's own high standards kept it on the air, according to Murrow. To those corporate "vice-presidents" who wanted him, glug, to show a profit, he talked tough, he said. "I say, 'If that's the way you want to do it, you'd better get yourselves another boy.'" CBS was happy to let this impression stand, probably because the show wasn't losing all that much money, if any. Its sponsor, Alcoa, underwrote expenses up to $2,300 a week, which was usually sufficient to cover costs. CBS picked up any overage; not so great a burden, since Alcoa was also paying an additional $34,000 for the airtime. Murrow bragged often of his hostility to the "money men," and especially his sponsors. But at the same time he was willing to film promotional documentaries for them, as he did for Alcoa. By 1953, his disdain for profit was earning him more than $200,000 a year, more than $300,000 by 1960.

Murrow's most celebrated moment on television—the summit of his career—came in March 1954. This was the broadcast broadside against Joe McCarthy. The mythologists point to it as the blow that brought down the terrorist Tailgunner. The claim calls to mind Mark Twain's remark about his military service in the Civil War: "I left the Confederate army in 1865. The South fell."

The show was indeed masterfully done. It consisted almost entirely of clips of McCarthy himself—a compendium of every burp, grunt, stutter, nose probe, brutish aside, and maniacal giggle the senator had ever allowed to be captured on film. Murrow, it was said, allowed McCarthy to hang himself, but in truth McCarthy had been hanging himself quite efficiently in the several months before Murrow offered him more rope. By the time the show aired, a mutiny was underway on his own subcommittee to relieve McCarthy as chairman. Prominent Republicans had joined Democrats in publicly denouncing him, even, gingerly, his former comrade Vice President Richard Nixon. In the mainstream press, anti-McCarthy feeling was endemic. Among those routinely critical were *Time* magazine and Col. Robert McCormick's *Chicago Tribune*. If Col. McCormick and Henry Luce were denouncing a right-wing icon, you could feel pretty safe in firing away. "Ed didn't want to get too far ahead of public opinion," Fred Friendly said. And he didn't.

It is revealing that Murrow is most honored today for broadcasts—1960's "Harvest of Shame," about migrant farm workers, is another—that were works of unbridled advocacy. He had always been as much advocate as reporter. In the late 1930s Murrow saw himself as a subtle propagandist for bringing America into the war. His advocacy was always artful. Cloud and Olson quote a CBS executive in the 1930s, advising a reporter to "disguise his own opinions by attributing them to others." "Don't be so personal," the executive said. "Use such phrases as 'It is said . . . ' and 'There are some who believe . . . '" This is how Murrow did it, he said, and it's a trick still widely employed. Other times, Murrow's advocacy was completely behind the scenes. In 1956, the newsman secretly rented a studio to coach Adlai Stevenson, then running against Dwight Eisenhower, in hopes of improving the candidate's television performances.

The *New Yorker* once ran a profile of Murrow called "The World on His Back." It was an image he carefully cultivated. In time he began to believe his own legend—not surprising, since he had done so much to concoct it. By 1958, when he delivered his famous denunciation of television's preoccupation with revenue, he had fully evolved into a national scold, the last honest man in a world twisted by commerce. This is the image that has survived, the one so desperately invoked by the scolds of our own day. Murrow left journalism for good in 1961, to head up the United States Information Agency. All those cigarettes finally killed him in 1965, at the age of 57.

But his relationship with CBS effectively came to an end much earlier, in 1959. In the aftermath of the quiz-show scandals, the president of CBS, Frank Stanton, announced that the network would no longer tolerate any technological "hanky-panky" that might deceive its viewers. He said he had in mind, specifically, Murrow's practice of scripting *Person to Person* interviews in advance. People who tuned in, Stanton said, needed to know that "what they see and hear on CBS is exactly what it purports to be." And so the top "money man" censured Murrow publicly—for violating the high standards of broadcast journalism. Murrow never forgave him for it. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vargas Llosa Visits His Animal

By Michael Valdez Moses

On the evening of August 21, 1987, standing before a frenzied crowd of over 100,000 Peruvians jammed shoulder to shoulder in San Martín Plaza in Lima, the renowned writer Mario Vargas Llosa delivered an incendiary speech denouncing President Alan García's proposed nationalization of Peru's banks, insurance companies, and financial institutions. To fervent applause, Vargas Llosa declared that economic freedom and political freedom were inseparable and that private property and the market economy offered the only path to peace, progress, and prosperity for Peru. Rumor has it that President García, a populist socialist with despotic inclinations, watching on television as his political ambitions were frustrated by this mass demonstration, demolished his set in a fit of rage.

In retrospect García's explosion of temper seems justified, for the rally in San Martín Plaza launched Vargas Llosa's meteoric political career as leader of *Movimiento Libertad* (the Freedom Movement) and front-running candidate for the Peruvian presidency. Nearly three years later, in April 1990, Vargas Llosa won a narrow plurality in the initial round of the presidential election. But his political odyssey was not fated to end in triumph. In June he lost the runoff election to an obscure Japanese-Peruvian agronomist, Professor Alberto Fujimori. In the aftermath of his unsuccessful campaign (and Fujimori's subsequent coup d'état in 1992), Vargas Llosa has returned to the vocation that had already made him, on that critical night in 1987, one of the most famous cultural figures in Latin America. Although his vision of a truly democratic Peru remains unrealized, and his native country has fallen victim yet again to authoritarian rule, the recent publication of Vargas Llosa's latest novel, *Death in the Andes* (translated by Edith Grossman; Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 279 pages, $24), testifies to the undiminished artistic powers of one of the most accomplished writers in the world.

Although the germinal idea for his new novel occurred to Vargas Llosa before he entered politics in 1987, the subsequent frustration of his political hopes for a liberal democratic Peru doubtless contributed to the pessimism of *Death in the Andes*. Originally published in Barcelona in 1993 as *Lituma en los Andes*, Vargas Llosa's latest work is set in the remote Andean mining community of Naccos, whose dwindling number of dispirited inhabitants suffer deplorable economic conditions, relentless natural disasters, and the depredations of the Maoist guerrilla army, the *Sendero Luminoso* (Shining Path), whose terrorist attacks have turned the region into a showcase of atrocities.

Corporal Lituma, a member of the civil guard, and his adjutant, Tomás Carreño, who have been quixotically posted to this alien locale to protect the miners, investigate the mysterious disappearance of three inhabitants of the camp. In the evenings that the two spend together during their investigation, Carreño recounts his own turbulent romance with a prostitute, Mercedes Trelles, the mistress of a drug lord named "Hog." Carreño tells how he was hired as a bodyguard by the drug lord, whom he subsequently assassinated when the latter viciously beat the beautiful Mercedes during a night of orgiastic sadomasochism.

The story of the eventful flight of Tomás and Mercedes and of their tormented passion provides a counterpoint to the grim tale of savagery, lust, and religious devotion Lituma and Carreño bring to light in Naccos. These interwoven narratives of primal passion, brutal instinct, violent fanaticism, and atavistic barbarity ultimately serve as an emblem of a country so rooted in the myths and beliefs of the past that it is unable, in the words of the former presidential candidate, "to become a part of history."

An alter ego who has often appeared in Vargas Llosa's fiction and drama, Lituma represents the frustrated spirit of enlightenment, a figure whose heroic striving to know the truth leads to an understanding, but never an amelioration, of the evils that beset his nation. While Naccos is intended to be an outpost of progress, a site where the material development of an impoverished nation might be pursued, what Lituma discovers is a lost world ruled by tellurian powers, a primitive land still under the sway of ancient and cruel gods, the *apus*, or spirits of the mountains, who demand nothing less than the flesh and blood of their human worshippers.

At a time when North American scholars debate the end of history, Lituma and Carreño intrude upon a world in which the mountain folk of the Andes still believe in the existence of *pishtacos* (demons who

Michael Valdez Moses is associate professor of English at Duke University and the author of The Novel and the Globalization of Culture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suck the fat from their living human victims), *mukis* (devils who inhabit the mines and prey on the workers), witches, sorcerers, spirit-chasers. Under the demonic tutelage of Dionisio, the local cantina owner in Naccos, and his fortune-telling spouse, Adriana, Lituma and Carreño ultimately learn what it means for the *sertuchos*, the local inhabitants, to commune with the spirits of the Andes, or in the ominous phrase of Dionisio to "pay a visit to their animal." Lest the modern reader dismiss the orgiastic violence of the Andes as some Third World aberration, Vargas Llosa slyly suggests that these shocking acts are only reenactments of the most venerated foundational myths and practices of Western civilization.

In the Andes, modern and ancient terror cohabit in a perpetual cycle of bloodshed and murder. In the course of his investigation, Lituma encounters Paul Stirmsson, a scholar of ancient Andean civilizations who has spent thirty years studying and traveling in the Cordillera. The Danish professor describes the religious practices of the Huancas and Chancas, pre-Incan peoples whose human sacrifices involved spectacular acts of torture, dismemberment, and cannibalism and whose civilization was annihilated by the no less sanguinary Incas.

The professor casts the recent terrorism of the *Sendero Luminoso* (and the equally bloody counter-terrorism of the army) in an unusually broad and telling historical context. Underlying the dynamiting of bridges, power plants, and roads; the wholesale destruction of crops and livestock; the assassination of local officials, police officers, and soldiers; and the murder of foreign tourists, aid workers, farmers, miners, and itinerant scholars, lies an ideological faith no less absolute and violent for being based on the worship of Mao or Abimael Guzmán (the leader of *Sendero Luminoso,* finally apprehended in 1992) rather than on that of the ancient gods of the Huancas, Chancas, or Incas. When the *senderistas* make it clear that they will execute a group of idealistic environmentalists whom they have captured in the Andes, in the same implacable manner that they have massacred a docile herd of vicuñas and stoned to death a pair of young French tourists, one of their victims laments: "They hear, but they don't listen, and they don't want to understand what you say to them. They're from another planet." The powers that tyrannize the Andean highlands rise and fall; the religion of violence and human sacrifice endures. Only the joylessness of the *Sendero Luminoso* distinguishes them from their pre-Columbian predecessors.

Vargas Llosa's latest novel will provide further evidence (were any needed) of his definitive conversion from radical Marxism to what he calls in his 1993 political memoir, *A Fish in the Water*, "radical liberalism." But the appeal of *Death in the Andes*—as of Vargas Llosa's many extraordinary novels published in the 1980s, including *The War of the End of the World* (1981), *The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta* (1984), and *The Storyteller* (1989)—lies in its uncompromising representation of liberal democratic ideals as neither irresistible nor immutable. In Vargas Llosa's view, liberal democracy is the product of human invention and painstaking cultivation, which must be ardently defended against enemies ancient and modern if it is to survive and flourish. In fact, in his fiction of the last decade and a half, Vargas Llosa has been more interested in exploring those archaic worlds lost to enlightened liberalism than societies that have seen the triumph of what Vargas Llosa, echoing Hayek, calls "legality, freedom, and property." Whether set in the Brazilian backlands, the remote reaches of the Andean highlands, or the most primitive backwaters of Amazonia, Vargas Llosa's recent fiction has opened up those places of darkness, those "blank spaces" on the map, where the power of enlightened reason has faltered or failed.

Vargas Llosa's recent novels display surprising continuities with his early fiction. Both as a man of the Left and of the Right, Vargas Llosa has been a champion of the poor, the marginalized, the downtrodden, and as a novelist he has endeavored to expose the sources of political evil and economic exploitation. What has changed over nearly four decades is his understanding of the causes of human suffering and the nature of political enlightenment. Where once he looked to socialism and revolutionary Marxism as standard-bearers of political progress, Vargas Llosa has come to see in the politics of the Left a seductive relapse into pre-enlightened ways of life, a paradoxically reactionary return to the irrational and authoritarian political institutions and economic practices of the past.

Not that Vargas Llosa's early and widely acclaimed fiction—*The Time of the Hero* (1962), *The Green House* (1965), *The Cubs* (1967), and *Conversation in the Cathedral* (1969)—was the stuff of some latterday Candide who wandered the New World an unreconstructed naif. By the time he was sixteen, a stint as a crime reporter in Lima had provided Vargas Llosa with firsthand knowledge of the rapacious underworld of prostitutes, hack writers, frustrated artists, political bosses, hired thugs, corrupt police officials, and petty criminals that became a favorite subject of his early fiction. Though he spent his childhood and adolescence in the privileged enclaves of Bolivian and Peruvian society, he early acquired a profound sympathy for *los de abajo*—those at the bottom of the social

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pyramid. Inspired in his teens by the writings of Sartre, Vargas Llosa became a member of the underground Peruvian Communist party, *Cahuide*, during his first year at San Marcos University in Lima. There he headed Marxist reading groups, passed out political leaflets, wrote for a Communist weekly, organized a student strike, inveighed against the Odría dictatorship of the early 1950s, and on one memorable occasion was allowed a personal interview with the dreaded head of state security, Esparza Zañartu.

Though the initial participation of "Comrade Alberto" (Vargas Llosa's pseudonym in the party) was relatively short-lived, his enthusiasm for Marxism was rekindled in the early sixties by the triumph of Castro in Cuba. In those heady days following Ché Guevara's confident declaration that the advent of "the new man" of Latin American communism was at hand, Vargas Llosa once more took up the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and their progeny, Mao, Gramsci, Lukács, Maríategui, and Althusser. During the decade-long lovefest between Castro and the New World intellectual and artistic community, Vargas Llosa along with a group of prodigiously talented Latin American writers that included Gabriel García Márquez, Julio Cortázar, Carlos Fuentes, and José Donoso ignited what became known as "El Boom," an explosion of Latin American literary activity in the 1960s that had worldwide cultural repercussions. The group was regularly fêted by the new caudillo in Havana.

Vargas Llosa reached an early pinnacle in his career with the publication in 1969 of *Conversation in the Cathedral*, a labyrinthine epic novel about Peruvian political corruption, economic exploitation, and social decay under the Odría dictatorship that was greeted as his magnum opus by fellow critics and writers on the Left. Vargas Llosa's novels of the 1960s were characterized by a masterly deployment of modernist narrative strategies borrowed from Joyce, Dos Passos, Conrad, and especially Faulkner; an early command of dialect and dialogue; an exuberance of knotty plots and subplots; and a rich offering of fully realized characters drawn from the entire spectrum of contemporary Latin American society.

Chas Fagan

Mario Vargas Llosa

But what made Vargas Llosa such a darling of the Left during the decade was the socially engaged and politically subversive quality of his works. Unlike the no less committed García Márquez, Vargas Llosa eschewed the magical realism that made *One Hundred Years of Solitude* an international sensation. His novels were (and by and large still are) characterized by an uncompromising realism that harks back to the great nineteenth-century novels of Scott, Balzac, Flaubert, and Tolstoy. Then as now, Vargas Llosa rejected the mystification of a social reality that was already suffering from an overabundance of myths and fantasies and that desperately required a bracing measure of critical self-examination.

Within the confines of this disciplined realism, Vargas Llosa displayed a gift for political critique and social analysis that never descended into diatribe or didacticism. His early novels were at once an answer to and vindication of the searching criticism of literary modernism leveled by the great Hungarian-Marxist critic, Georg Lukács. Vargas Llosa's novels exhibited the consummate technical virtuosity of modernism without sacrificing that crucial quality upon which Lukács insisted the real worth of the novel depends: the virtue of representing clearly and accurately the "totality" of objective social relationships.

Vargas Llosa's disenchantment with the Left was gradual. He has tended to identify the 1971 arrest, imprisonment, and show trial of the dissident Cuban poet Herberto Padilla as a turning point in his political education. Vargas Llosa's public protest against what he termed Castro's repressive action and his demand that Padilla be released were the first public indications of his shifting political affiliations. His comic novels of the 1970s, *Captain Pantoja and the Special Service* (1973) and *Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter* (1977), were, perhaps inaccurately, seen by critics as signaling a retreat on the part of the author from his political engagement. In retrospect the nov-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

els of the 1970s marked not a turn to apolitical subject matter, mere indulgence in autobiography and sexual comedy, but rather a sweeping reconceptualization of the causes of individual human suffering, which had always been the focus of Vargas Llosa's imaginative work. While the formal techniques and generic models of his writing continued to be taken in equal measure from the realistic novels of the nineteenth century and the modernist fiction of the twentieth, by the 1980s Vargas Llosa was drawing his political and intellectual sustenance from the likes of Aron, Popper, Hayek, Von Mises, Friedman, and Nozick.

But despite Vargas Llosa's increasingly public (and within academic and artistic circles much criticized) shift in political affiliation, the sympathetic hero of his novels remained, as he does to this day, the little guy who suffers the injustices of a corrupt and barbaric political system seemingly incapable of progressive change. The protagonists of Vargas Llosa's recent fiction—the myopic journalist of *The War of the End of the World*, the Trotskyite manqué Alejandro Mayta, Lituma—are figures who discern the illiberal and oppressive character of their social environment but are finally powerless to transform it. At best, they may, momentarily, escape from its grasp.

It was to the exploited and disaffected members of Peruvian society, those who, without theoretical deliberation, sought out the interstices of state power where they assumed personal responsibility for themselves and their families, the small-time entrepreneurs and farmers in the informal economy, that Vargas Llosa hoped to appeal in his presidential campaign. His inability to mobilize this enormous sector of *informales* and *parceleros* on behalf of liberal democratic reform was, by Vargas Llosa's own admission, the great tragedy of his brief political career.

In *A Fish in the Water*, Vargas Llosa recounts his increasing frustration with the way in which a campaign that was launched as a contest of political ideas became a savage struggle characterized by appeals to myths, images, and brutal instincts. Having endeavored to present an enlightened vision of democratic liberalism, he found himself in the midst of a violent and irrational election that fed off racism, xenophobia, religious strife, and class hatred. Reluctantly taking the advice of his political consultant, Mark Malloch Brown, Vargas Llosa agreed late in the campaign to shed his bodyguards and mingle with his supporters at mass rallies: They "would be able to approach me," he said, "shake hands with me, touch me and embrace me, and also, at times, tear off bits of my clothes or push me to the ground and mangle me if they felt like it." Whether the assembled were adulatory or enraged, what most struck the candidate was the monstrous and inhuman aspect of the crowd. At a rally in one of the poorest regions of Peru, Vargas Llosa confronted a mob with his message of liberal democratic reform—a message carefully tailored to them in theory, but in fact utterly alien and unwelcome:

> Armed with sticks and stones and all sorts of weapons to bruise and batter, an infuriated horde of men and women came to meet me, their faces distorted by hatred, who appeared to have emerged from the depths of time, a prehistory in which human beings and animals were indistinguishable. . . . They hurled themselves on the caravan of vehicles as though fighting to save their lives or seeking to immolate themselves, with a rashness and a savagery that said everything about the almost inconceivable levels of deterioration to which life for millions of Peruvians had sunk.

In that grim and unequal confrontation between the solitary representative of enlightened reason and the violent atavistic crowd, the tragedies of Vargas Llosa's greatest novels are enacted. ♦

Books

Families in Name Only

By Mona Charen

When the wreckage that liberalism has wrought is finally sorted, labeled, and catalogued, surely the treatment of abused and neglected children will top the list of outrages. The child welfare system in the United States embodies the worst aspects of liberalism distilled—blind adherence to ideology, soft-headed sentimentality about the poor, and deafness to data.

Mona Charen is a nationally syndicated columnist.

Of the 1,200 children, mostly babies and toddlers, who are murdered every year by their parents or caretakers, fully half are known to child welfare agencies before the fatal blow is struck. They are a fraction of the children who, beaten and burned, kicked and choked, are sent back to their abusers again and again in the name of "family preservation."

An early enthusiast for this wholesome-sounding doctrine, Richard Gelles, professor of sociology at the University of Rhode

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Island and specialist in family violence, has since emerged as its leading academic critic. In *The Book of David* (BasicBooks, 200 pages, $23), he argues that family preservation is not only ineffective, it is killing large numbers of kids.

Conceived in the 1970s and enshrined in federal law in the Adoption Assistance and Child Welfare Act of 1980, family preservation policies are grounded in the belief that children are nearly always better off with their biological parents than in any other setting. Child welfare agencies are accordingly required to exert their "best efforts" to reunite abusive parents with their battered offspring. The bedrock goal of the child welfare system is to keep families together—literally at all costs.

Child welfare workers, well-intentioned in many cases, proceed on the conceit that all human behavior is malleable—provided the state can provide sufficient "services." (Well, not exactly all human behavior; liberals don't believe that crooked stockbrokers or perfidious preachers deserve second, third, and fourth chances.) In most states, if you harm your child so severely that the state is forced to remove him from the home, all efforts after the removal will focus on getting him back to the (ostensibly reformed) family that hurt him.

Horror stories proliferate. A child who was strapped to a space heater and suffered third-degree burns on her face and stomach was returned to the mother who did this by California authorities. A 6-year-old Harlem boy whose mother broke his arm was returned to her. She broke his leg. He was returned again. Finally, she killed him. Recently, the case of Elisa Izquierdo, a beautiful 6-year-old tortured and murdered by her mother in New York, received vast media attention. But there are hundreds of Elisas every year, thousands if you include those tortured but not killed, and their stories are not told.

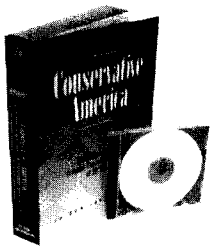
The Book of David tells, in agonizing detail, the story of one such family. It is the account of Darlene and Donald Edwards, a Rhode Island couple. Darlene was a drug user and part-time prostitute. Donald was a bully. Their first child, Marie, was wounded nearly fatally at the age of 6 weeks. Donald said he had no idea how the baby came to be injured. Darlene said she fell. Darlene took the baby to the doctor because she hadn't eaten in two days. The doctor's examination showed several broken ribs, two fractured legs, and a severe subdural hematoma on her head—a dangerous blood clot that resulted in lasting brain damage.

Marie nearly died. Her injuries were so severe that the state did remove her from the Edwardses' home and place her with a foster family who wished to adopt her (despite her brain damage). But as Gelles painstakingly traces, the state of Rhode Island spent the following 15 months mindlessly exerting "best efforts" to reunite Marie with her deadly parents. There were supervised visits that ought to have led a person of even modest judgment to conclude (if the degree of Marie's injuries had not already) that these parents were disasters. Donald made explicit threats to the social workers and to the foster parents. Neither Donald nor Darlene would touch the child unless asked to by a social worker. When Darlene did pick the baby up, she held her with stiff arms, facing away. When asked to give the child a bottle, Darlene teased a piteously crying Marie, suspending the bottle near her lips and then withdrawing it.

Unsupervised overnight visits followed, much to the anguish of the foster parents, who knew the source of Marie's injuries. The state offered the Edwardses counseling, parenting classes, and a full-time

Conservative America

Instant Access to the Greatest Conservative Library of All Time.



Available September '96 • 1-800-677-3045 • Fax: 1-801-375-2228

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

housekeeper, and were still on track to return Marie to them when Darlene abruptly pushed the child into the arms of a social worker in a parking lot, effectively terminating her own parental rights.

The Edwardses had another child, David, that same year, who suffered a series of injuries in the first several months of his life that were reported to child welfare authorities. By the age of 15 months, he was dead—asphyxiated by his mother. (Darlene served four years for manslaughter and was released.) Social workers assigned to David's case were either ignorant of Marie's history or considered it irrelevant.

Now a person of common sense, presented with a history like the Edwardses', would have had no difficulty deciding they were unfit parents. Not so the system that Gelles carefully and thoroughly indicts. The sole aim of child welfare authorities ought to be the safety of children, he argues.

True. But Gelles leaves some business unfinished. He might have mentioned the millions of loving adoptive families who stand ready to care for the children whose parents abuse and neglect them. And he might have asked deeper questions about the mindset of the child welfare bureaucracy. After all, the words "best efforts," in and of themselves, do not require thousands of case workers to throw common sense to the wind. Something else is going on. Is it the belief that the state ought not to punish abusers by taking their children away because so many of them are poor? Is it a belief that removing children from the homes of blacks is racist? Is it a veiled defense of non-traditional families?

How can liberals, who run these bureaucracies, offer more compassion to the abusers than to the abused? Gelles has provided chapter and verse—the explanation is still pending. ♦

Books

What Some Women Want

By Evan Gahr

The question has puzzled everyone from Freud to Seinfeld, but Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization for Women, has finally determined What Women Want. And guess what? It's the feminist agenda. According to Ireland, women from all walks of life, of every disposition and temperament, are united in their desire for abortion on demand, even tighter sexual-harassment laws, "gender equity" in high-school sports, lesbian rights, and welfare as we know it.

In her book *What Women Want* (Dutton, 323 pages, $23.95), Ireland explains how her personal metamorphosis from airline stewardess to bisexual professional feminist provides instruction to millions of women—a grandiose undertaking, maybe, but perfectly sensible if you assume, as the author does, that your every experience is fraught with social significance and must be interpreted as a mandate for feminism.

And it is not only Ireland's experiences: She manages to turn her family tree into a feminist tablet. Early in the book, readers are introduced to her grandmother, a feminist who didn't realize it. It seems that the lady shocked neighbors during her two pregnancies by exercising in public and flaunting her swollen belly, at a time when "decent women did not parade it around for others to witness." This, Ireland says, may have been dismissed "as individual eccentricity" but was actually a blow for female self-determination. Throughout history, "small statements of desire for individual freedom" have been made "defiantly by women . . . and dismissed by neighbors as mere displays of quirkiness." And there you have it: Neighborhood weirdos down the ages were, if women, the Simone de Beauvoirs of their times.

Despite her grandmother's clarion call, Ireland enjoyed a rather conventional girlhood. Raised Catholic in a relatively conservative Indiana household, she went through a tomboy phase but quickly shed her mannish accouterments "to wear skirts again, to follow the traditional path laid out for a schoolgirl in the late 1950s." A cheerleader, she "embraced the external formalities of femininity, its appearances, behaviors, look, and feel."

Nevertheless, social convention made young Patricia uneasy. And her objections were more than intellectual: She was apparently a bit free-spirited about sex and resented the "double standard" under which her male equivalents were admired while she was "socially trashed."

This budding sensibility aside, she was essentially a 50s girl—even marrying a high-school football player at age 17. The two attended the University of Tennessee together, but the marriage quickly unraveled and ended in divorce. Ireland finished her undergraduate degree and did graduate work for a teaching career. Eventually she decided it wasn't for her and in 1967 dropped out.

With her career options limited,

Evan Gahr, a columnist for the New York Post, *last wrote for* THE WEEKLY STANDARD *about Phil Donahue.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she took a job as a stewardess with Pan Am. Forced to endure "everything from whistles to virtual molestation [by] airline employees and passengers alike," she felt powerless in the face of blatant sexual harassment. Yet she managed to grin and bear it, accepting these indignities as the price of the "economic independence denied to our mothers and grandmothers."

There were occasional acts of rebellion—baby steps. She complained to management (unsuccessfully) that stewardesses, when on the ground, were required to wear pillbox hats—"utterly useless hats [that] invariably mashed our hair into a rat's nest of tangles." But the real turning point came when her new husband needed his wisdom teeth pulled. The airline's dental insurance did not cover the spouses of female employees.

With a quick call to NOW, Ireland learned that, as a federal contractor, Pan Am was "bound by . . . equal employment laws to cover you." The company succumbed—and Ireland was flush with victory over the "power establishment."

But hadn't the "power establishment," in the form of the federal government, taken her side? Hadn't it obligated a private company to cough up dental coverage for her husband? Nuances like this—which don't fit Ireland's view of women as perpetual underdogs and victims—get lost in the epiphanies.

After years of not rocking the boat, Ireland began to see herself "as someone who could actually be part of making a difference—not just for myself but for other women as well." The Pan Am/tooth caper "had been my first and only real incursion into the legal battlefield, but I was hooked." So off she went to Florida State University Law School, from which she graduated in 1975. With the help of a male professor, she landed a job at a top Miami firm, Paul, Landy.

There, if you believe Ireland, virtually every male lawyer was either insensitive, sexist, or harassing. Given such an environment, you might suppose that Ireland's tenure at the firm was nasty, brutish, and short. But somehow she managed to carve out a comfortable niche for herself. (The old-boys network is maybe less powerful than she likes to believe.)

Soon she emerged as the firm's gender-equity czarina, and her "feminist views were repeatedly challenged and tested against reality." Sometimes, though, reality scores a victory. Consider what happened when a paralegal complained to Ireland about a partner's unwanted sexual entreaties. Ireland personally warned the guy off. But the clod insisted that the paralegal was flirting with him.

Michael Ramirez

Patricia Ireland

"Less than a month later," Ireland spotted the two making out at a dance. Her assumption is that the paralegal couldn't possibly have liked the guy—she had fallen prey, not to his charm, but to his abusive power. In the feminist lexicon, it is not only "no" that means no.

Gradually Ireland became sucked into the vortex of feminist politics, working with the local NOW chapter for state passage of the Equal Rights Amendment. Insider by day, outsider by night, she made partner (at a different firm) in 1984. Three years later, she left Miami to become NOW's official treasurer in Washington, D.C., and later vice president.

In 1991, NOW's president Molly Yard, who had been expected to step down so that Ireland could replace her, suffered a stroke; Ireland was ready to take the reins. Yet there was one other matter: Ireland, who in the 1970s played softball in a women lawyers' league, was forced to confront rumors that she batted from both sides of the plate. In an interview with the *Advocate*, a gay publication, Ireland owned up to having a female "companion" in Washington.

With this kink out of the way, it was onward and upward. The Clarence Thomas hearings in 1991 energized feminists, as did a march "for women's lives" the following year. In addition, Congress passed the Freedom of Access to Clinic Entrances Act (which aborted the free-speech rights of pro-life demonstrators) and legislation allowing "women to sue for damages in cases of harassment in school."

Says Ireland, "We've come a long way, but we still have a long way to go." This statement and other hackneyed slogans—"The conservative onslaught in Congress and the states threatens all the progress we have made"—ensure that no one will mistake her for a philosopher-queen.

The advice littering *What Women Want* is equally clichéd: "Consciousness is the predecessor of transformation"; "Every positive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transformation . . . takes plenty of time." And to what purpose these pearls?

Why, to make little feminist foot soldiers. Women can enjoy the "satisfaction of expanding our personal power" through collective action. "Not everyone wants to join in demonstrations or picketing or direct confrontations outside an abortion clinic. Some people may participate by joining in a boycott of a business that gives money to antiabortion groups. Some of us may be more focused on issues like getting our daughter's soccer team the same quality coaching and equipment as our son's."

Ireland's "choices"—more like edicts—are reminiscent of the career advice my father, a doctor, gave me: "I'm not pressuring you about careers: You can choose any sub-specialty of medicine you want." My father, of course, was half-joking. But it fails to occur to Patricia Ireland, when she delineates the "choices" available to women, that not all women share her worldview. Some women may wish to "expand their personal power" by working to ban abortions, fighting overly broad sexual-harassment codes that imperil free speech, or advocating welfare reform. But don't look for these women in Ireland's book. In her universe, all women are rigorously adherent to feminist politics and leading a fairly grim existence.

Indeed, this tract, which purports to empower, actually infantilizes women. They're always mired in some uphill struggle against social ills, locked in lopsided battles against men. Ireland completely ignores the power that women often hold over men and the fact that many women are capable of securing husbands who are loving and devoted.

Even more irritating than the book's dippy feminist perspective is its assumption not just that the personal is political but that *everything* that is personal is political. According to Ireland, every experience is politically relevant, rife with meaning about some sin of society that she and her feminist cohorts hope to eliminate.

You have to wonder: Has she ever enjoyed a night out with friends (or even a romance, of any variety) that didn't turn on liberating women from the yoke of patriarchal oppression? She urges women to adopt the "life full of meaning and purpose"—but this life is defined solely in political terms.

Here again, Ireland assumes too much: The topic of motherhood, for example, is virtually absent from *What Women Want*. It may surprise Ireland to learn that many women find motherhood far more exhilarating than trying to ramrod the Equal Rights Amendment through the Florida legislature.

And whatever these women and many others want, Patricia Ireland and NOW aren't offering it. ♦

Books

De Gaulle's Greatness

By Peter Augustine Lawler

No biographer or historian has yet quite captured the greatness of Charles de Gaulle. Daniel J. Mahoney's *De Gaulle: Statesmanship, Grandeur, and Modern Democracy* (Praeger, 188 pages, $45) takes a new approach. It is an extraordinarily penetrating and original study of de Gaulle as political thinker.

To appreciate this book, Americans must overcome their understandable prejudice against de Gaulle. Even as we are moved by the French general's proud resistance to Hitler in the name of national honor, we note the absurdities: During the war, de Gaulle insisted on being treated as the equal of Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin although the French contributed little to the Nazis' defeat. And after the war, President de Gaulle's political judgment was clouded by unrealistic pretensions for both France and himself. He grandly but foolishly denied the fact of his nation's greatly reduced and declining place in the world, its dependence on the United States for defense and on an increasingly united Europe for its political and economic future. This posturing irritated American presidents, who saw his usefulness as an anti-Communist ally compromised by his French chauvinism and anti-Americanism.

In this age of cosmopolitan interdependence, such nationalism is seen as reactionary; in some quarters, the very idea of the nation seems obsolete. We can scarcely distinguish between Gaullism and Buchananism—and if anything view the latter as the more reasonable. Buchanan says that Americans should be responsible for America first; de Gaulle saw the greatness of France as the acceptance of European and global responsibilities. By now, even the French have lost interest in the Gaullist obsession with France's independence and status.

Mahoney shows that this analysis is itself distorted by American chauvinism. In fact, de Gaulle was

Peter Augustine Lawler is professor of political science at Berry College in Mount Berry, Georgia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not particularly anti-American, and he favored an integrated Europe of distinct nations. He was a thoroughgoing anti-Communist, even if he failed to appreciate the extent to which Soviet leaders were motivated by ideology.

But more than a treatment of these well-known aspects of de Gaulle's career, Mahoney has written a work of political reflection. His astounding claim is that de Gaulle's books and speeches, analyzed in the light of his deeds, are a source of profound insight, not only into political life but into the human condition. To make his case, Mahoney must overcome our prejudice against the truth and relevance of the statesman's view of morality and politics.

Mahoney succeeds wonderfully. He shows that only a theoretically self-conscious person genuinely committed to political and religious responsibility could comprehend the need to do justice to all the diverse and sometimes contradictory facets of human liberty. De Gaulle's thought is full of complex and nuanced ambivalence, which he maintained without indecisiveness. He never stopped thinking about the greatness of France, but he understood his nation's duty to be the defense of a way of life more properly called European or Western. His idea of France is contained within his idea of European civilization.

De Gaulle affirmed the unparalleled freedom and prosperity of modern democracy but despised its tendency toward mindless materialism and standardization. He had some of the haughtiness and contempt for ordinary life that Aristotle and Nietzsche associated with great leadership, and he felt the lonely burden that comes with the conviction of one's unrivaled political greatness. But he also had an undeniable concern for the souls of the individuals for whom he was responsible. His belief in the dignity of the individual and an egalitarian understanding of justice directed and limited de Gaulle's proud individuality and saved him from any temptation toward the radical self-reliance of the Nietzschean superman. De Gaulle's aristocratic reflections on his own indispensability and personal excellence were moderated by his genuine devotion to the democratic constitutionalism that is the political consequence of the truth of Christianity. He rejected the pagan and modern lie that the creativity of great leaders is the source of all order and nobility.

Kent Lemon

Charles de Gaulle

De Gaulle devoted himself and France to "a certain conception of man." Mahoney shows that he understood this European view of human liberty to be medieval in origin. It was the basis for his criticism of the modern, Lockean, antispiritual view of rights as not doing justice to human individuality. Individualism and the attendant isolation of the individual, carried to excess in this century, produced their extreme antidote, collectivism. The deepest modern tendency is to make human beings increasingly indistinguishable. De Gaulle wrote that against that tendency "only a tremendous effort can preserve the individual as such." But he also recognized that the "spiritual sickness resulting from a civilization dominated by materialism could not be cured by any form of government."

This deep and elusive account of human liberty as partly aristocratic, partly democratic, and partly Christian, Mahoney explains, is very close to that of the Frenchman who wrote what everyone considers the best book on America, Alexis de Tocqueville. My own bias against de Gaulle virtually disappeared once I began to see that he really might be the most Tocquevillean of contemporary writers.

Tocqueville and de Gaulle agree that perhaps the key antidote to the petty selfishness and apathy of democratic individualism is a conception of political greatness. The leader must ennoble the people by uniting them politically through dedication to a high national purpose. De Gaulle thought that France must be a great nation for the French people really to flourish in their common political life. He summoned them to accept responsibility for their political destiny, to serve the cause of a great civilization. Mahoney wonders, with de Gaulle, whether such an effort can overcome the corrosive forces of modern individualism in the long run, and he reports that de Gaulle's final reflections included the irony and melancholy of failure. De Gaulle, like Tocqueville, could not always resist the fatalistic thought that, despite the best efforts of statesmen, political greatness and human excellence may have no future today. ♦

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parody

"All the News *We* Think's Fit to Print"

The New York Times

100 Years

VOL.CXLV . . . . No. 50,478 NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1996 60 CENTS

57 Galleries Host Exhibitions Kissing Up to Paper of Record

Hilton Kramer Sucks, New Study Reveals

TIMES CELEBRATES CENTURY MARK, 100 YEARS OF FLAWLESS COVERAGE, UNMATCHED SELF-REGARD

Punch, Pinch Throw Party

Smelling Salts for Harold Evans

MORE INFLUENTIAL THAN GOD, MANY SA

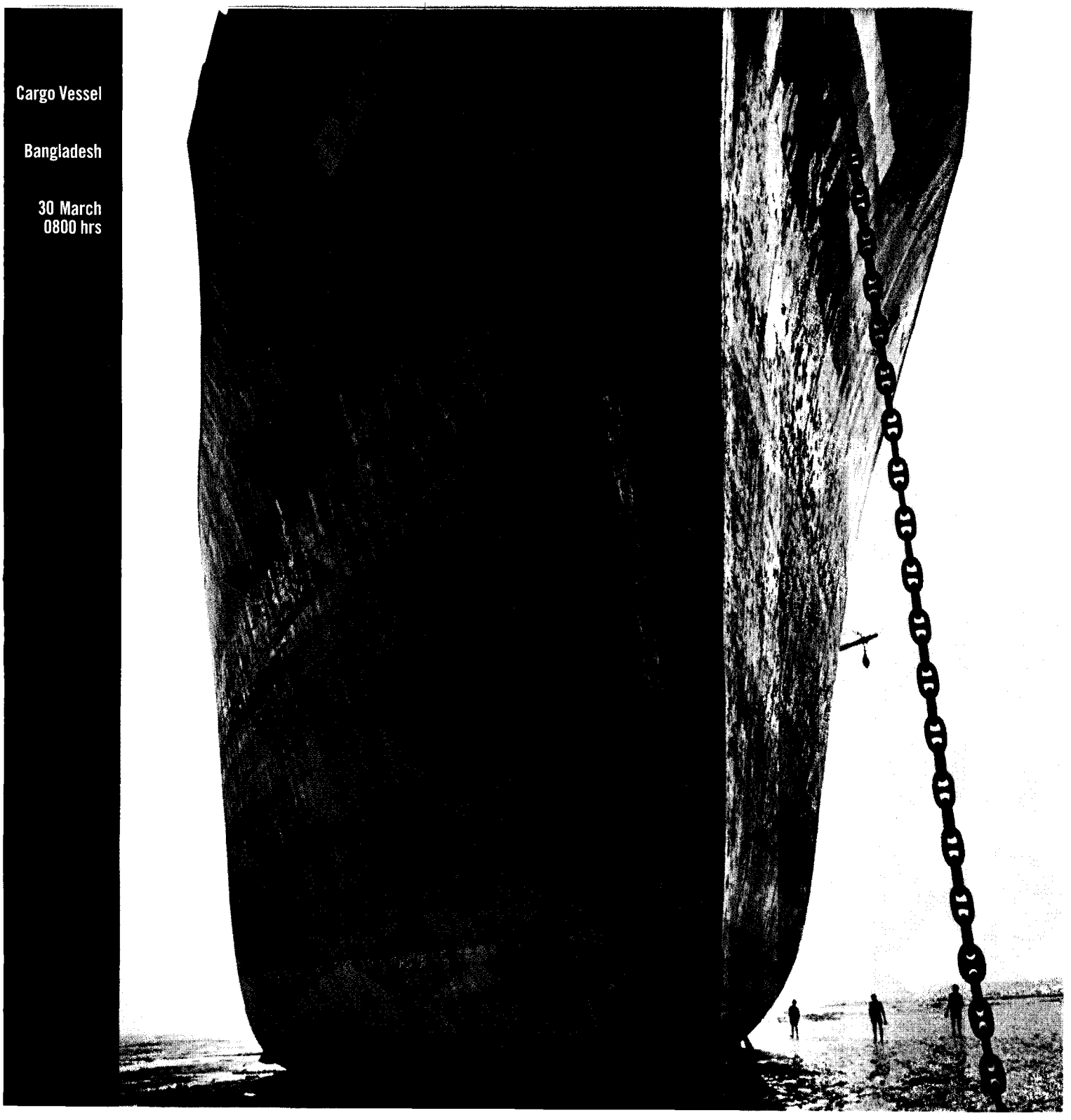
But Can Russell Baker Keep Coming Up With Fresh Ideas?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cargo Vessel

Bangladesh

30 March
0800 hrs



SOME SEE A STRANDED SHIP.
WE SEE IDLE ASSEMBLY LINES, VOLATILE COMMODITY MARKETS AND SHAREHOLDER LAWSUITS.

If AIG helps protect you against risk better than others, it's because we understand more kinds of risk.

Threats to a healthy bottom line can come from many directions. The key to global risk management is a partner that sees beyond the obvious. What AIG offers is expertise not only in insurance, but in managing total marketplace risk, garnered during seventy-five years of international operation. With offices in approximately 130 countries and jurisdictions throughout the world, AIG has an unmatched knowledge of local conditions and regulations.

In fact, AIG is the only worldwide insurance and financial organization with a broad range of customized services to manage all your business risks and preserve shareholder value. Services like economic assessment, loss control and engineering, and political risk coverage.

And we've got the top financial ratings to back us up. So we'll be there whenever you need us. And possibly keep your business afloat.

AIG

WORLD LEADERS IN INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES

American International Group, Inc., Dept. A, 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1996 Princeton Economic Institute, Ltd. All rights reserved.

The Clinton Deficit Reduction Plan
Another Arkansas financing scheme?

Your president might as well be financing the national debt with credit cards — that *is* the bottom line to his deficit reduction. He cut our long-term financing in half and shifted the debt to 70 percent fixed, five years or less, with 33 percent financed *one* year or less. Like a consumer in trouble, Clinton is now scrambling to cut interest costs after financing debt credit card-style.

Since 1993, short-term rates have nearly doubled, driving interest payments up 11 percent annually. Face reality — we are quickly becoming a banana republic. *We* cannot even meet the economic criteria imposed on *Russia* by the International Monetary Fund!

Solving the debt crisis should not be a partisan debate.

Even under Reagan, the budget was actually balanced between spending and revenue. The national debt doubled during those eight years *due to nothing other than interest expenditures*. If you put your money in the bank at eight percent compounded, you double it in less than 10 years. Despite Bush/Clinton tax hikes, the debt has doubled again. It's time we face the truth and stop trying to rewrite history for political purposes. The problem is serious, and it is more than just Medicare. Since 1950, the cumulative interest cost equals *68 percent of the total national debt*.

"It's the taxes, stupid."

Since Reagan's administration, revenue and spending have been balanced. Today, we collect nearly $100 billion more in taxes than we actually spend. The deficit has continued due *entirely* to interest expenditures. This is why deflation has emerged and economic growth has declined more than 50 percent.

Encouraged by our tax code, at times 1/3 of our debt has been held offshore — foreign holders of our debt pay no income tax! Moved offshore, these interest expenditures no longer stimulate the domestic economy. Exported capital creates few *American* jobs.

Restore the Constitution.

Foreign holders of our debt pay no taxes. Illegal aliens pay no taxes. This tax code discriminates *only* against American citizens. When we abolish this mess and replace it with a national retail sales tax, we restore the Constitution. A 10-percent sales tax in combination with a 15-percent corporate tax not only is revenue neutral, it ends discrimination against the American worker. It attracts capital onshore. It promotes economic growth. And it lowers interest rates — making our debt more affordable.

For more information on the Princeton Proposal for tax reform & economic growth, contact:

Princeton Economic Institute
Tel: 609-987-9522
Fax: 609-987-0726

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED